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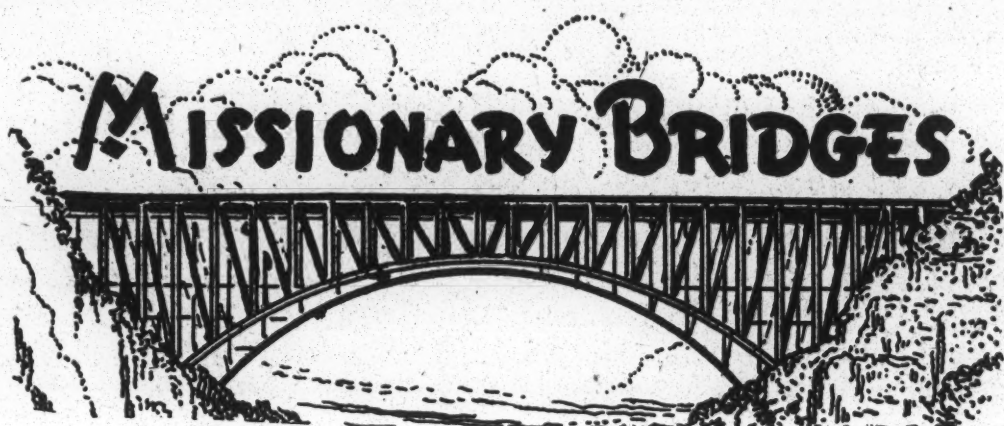
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The Bridge of Faith—The Thank Offering The Story of its Beginnings

By MRS. JOHN A. CRAWFORD

(A monologue to be given by a speaker dressed in the style of the 80's, telling of the Thank Offering given at the Convention in Washington, Pa.)

O H, John, the Convention was wonderful, and so inspiring. I am so glad, and thankful, too, that it was possible for me to go and see so many women from all parts of our Church. Would you believe it, there were seventy-one delegates there, all meeting together, and all intensely interested in the work of the Kingdom!

You remember that for some time past, since we have felt this finan-

cial depression, our Church papers have been stressing the fact that the contributions had been falling off, and it was feared that some of our foreign missionaries might have to be recalled, and those on the field would have to reduce expenses; and that could only be done by closing schools and discontinuing work in needy localities, at home and abroad.

How to prevent such a catastrophe was the subject of much thought and prayer on the part not only of the Women's Board, who have the responsibility of planning for the missionary work under their care, but on the part of many women through-

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out the Church; for the Women's Board sent out letters to Missionary Societies and bands, and also to individuals, asking that they also do the same. They asked, too, for suggestions as to what might be done to meet the situation.

As a result, many suggestions were sent in, four of which were very similar. Of these four, one from Mrs. Eliza Clokey, wife of Rev. Joseph Clokey, of Springfield, Ohio, was adopted.

Mrs. Clokey is a semi-invalid, unable to do active work, but spends much time every day in prayer for the extension of the Kingdom. To her God gave a very definite plan. Her suggestion was that the Women's Board send an appeal to the members of all Missionary societies and bands, asking each woman to give One Dollar over and above all her other contributions, as a Thank Offering to the Lord, for all the many blessings He has bestowed on her as a woman.

Now, wasn't that a fine plan?

Well, the appeal was sent out in March, with the suggestion that the different societies meet on April 14, from two to four o'clock, for praise and thanksgiving. The first hour to be spent in prayer and praise, and the second in thanksgiving and the taking up of the Thank Offering. Local societies sent invitations to the women of their Church, and enclosed a small envelope marked "Thank Offering". In this envelope was to be placed the Thank Offering and an appropriate verse of Scripture, or other expression of Thanksgiving.

Don't you remember, John, that Mother and I went to the meeting in

our Church? And very interesting and impressive it was.

The Thank Offerings from the individual societies were sent with the Presbyterian delegate to be presented at the Convention in Washington. She took with her not only the Thank Offering, but also an appropriate verse of Thanksgiving.

Well, when we were handed our programs at the Convention, many of us were anxious to see what was to be done with the Offering, and how it was to be done. So we were pleased to see that on Thursday afternoon the Thank Offering was to be presented. You may be sure that we were all in our places before the time set, which was one-thirty. I am still excited about it all, and I forgot to tell you that Miss Mary Clokey, the daughter of the Mrs. Clokey who originated the plan, was the President of the Convention. Well, she called the meeting to order, and asked Mrs. Stewart to open the service with prayer. I think Mrs. Stewart is from Westmoreland Presbyterian, but am not quite sure. Then Miss Clokey conducted a praise service, after which the roll of the Presbyterials was called, when a delegate from each one responded by walking to the front, depositing the envelope containing the Thank Offering on the President's table, and repeating her verse of thanksgiving.

And do you know, a large proportion of the Presbyterials sent a Thank Offering, some more and some less. Some asked for more time, and promised an offering later. Monongahela Presbyterian sent One Thousand Dollars! Allegheny more than Seven Hundred. Even one of

our small Negro societies sent Seven Dollars, which I am sure meant a great deal of sacrifice on the part of the givers. And what do you think Mrs. Clokey sent? Why, she sent a check for One Thousand Dollars! Her verse was, "I will offer Thee the sacrifice of Thanksgiving and call upon the Name of the Lord."

How much was the total Thank Offering? Almost Six Thousand Dollars! Wasn't that wonderful? And given on such short notice, too.

Mrs. W. H. McMillan, of the Second Church of Allegheny, closed the service with a beautiful prayer of thanksgiving and consecration.

What will be done with the money? That is important. The Board will meet in a few days to discuss the subject. They will consider the most pressing needs at home and abroad, and divide the money accordingly. No one can calculate the good it will do.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that there will be another Thank Offering next year, and probably the year after that. And, believe me, I have resolved not to wait until the ingathering time, but will get a box, or jar, or something to hold a *daily* offering, for God is constantly showering me with blessings without number; and then when the time comes for me to show my gratitude through the

Thank Offering, there will be more than A Dollar in my envelope.

But John, the more I think of it, the more it seems to me that this first Thank Offering was not such a wonderful offering after all. The appeal was sent out to *all* the members of the Missionary Societies; and at the Convention the Secretary reported that there are more than Seventeen Thousand women belonging to the different societies. If each of them had listened to the appeal, and asked God for wisdom, and for willingness to give, what an offering it would have been!

Isn't it strange that so many of us forget that as *women* we have so much for which to thank our Heavenly Father? For if He had not sent His Son into the world to save "whosoever believeth on Him," we women would have lived in the same condition as women in heathen lands. We would not occupy the position in every walk of life that we do today. Surely we owe Him a debt we can never repay.

How I wish that it were possible for me to persuade *all* the women in our Society to consider prayerfully their reasons for thanksgiving, and to persuade them also to put something by every day, so that when the Thank Offering ingathering day comes again, it will find them ready with a worthy offering.

BE GRATEFUL FOR WORK

Upon thy bended knees thank God for work,
Work—once man's penance, now his high reward!
For work to do and strength to do the work
We thank Thee Lord!

John Oxenham

The Returns to the Giver

By MRS. ERNEST B. McCLELLLEN

IN the Junior meeting the superintendent had emphasized the Junior Special gifts and attempted to make Mary Ewing, the Junior's own missionary, a nurse in the Sudan, very real. The boys and girls were very happy in their giving that day. After the meeting a disappointed little girl who had not given, approached the superintendent saying, "I want to give something to Mary Ewing. Will you wait?" She hurried away, upstairs to her pocket, and came skipping back, to give her offering "for Mary Ewing." I shall never forget it! For as I looked down into her glowing face and shining eyes, I could not see the gift for the giver. And I would covet for many adults, what I saw happening at the next moment. For little six-year-old Barbara was having an experience in giving, such as most people miss in life. Unselfishness, satisfaction, almost breathless joy—all were in her lovely, upturned face. As I looked at her gift—two warm pennies from her little chubby hand, I knew that it was our greatest gift that day, straight from her warm little heart.

To escape the peril of selfishness, we need the protection of some great principle in giving. "Stewardship is not man's method for raising money, but God's method for raising men." Since "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," He does not need our gifts, except for what they may work out in us. "That ye may abound!" When He makes His Kingdom dependent on our gifts we may be sure His plan contains blessing

for us with our giving. He would complete these lives of ours with loving service, unselfishness, sympathy. Life needs outlets as well as inlets. Selfishness may disappear in loving service, "things" no longer claim first thought and effort, and pleasures just lose their glamour, some way. As we give willingly and generously our own spiritual life is enriched and expanded. God could have written the gospel in the sky. Man's spiritual development requires the experience of proclaiming it to the ends of the earth.

There is no joy in this world like the joy of sharing God's program for the world. Complete and sufficient as is His plan, He offers us the privilege of sharing in its execution. The returns to the giver are rich here. In our family life we all know it is the responsive child, who co-operates and shares the plans of the group, who is the happiest child. It is so in God's family. As we add something of our very own to the cause we love, suddenly we discover the joy of obedience. Some way we secure for ourselves something of Christ's spirit; we understand better His giving, as a consequence; then, to our surprise comes the joy and the satisfaction of it all, in our own experience.

In those personal returns of life which come very surely as a result of sharing with others we find our greatest satisfactions. The poet has the truth in those lines, "Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—

himself, (first), his hungry neighbor and me." Quoting Joseph Choate, "Every man who invests himself generously in human happiness and good, knows now, without waiting until by and by, what the joys of immortality are. No one gets so much out of his money as he who translates it into someone's vivid happiness, somebody's tears of joy, somebody's reborn soul."

We may be tied at home with responsibilities we cannot neglect, which may seem monotonous and prosaic, yet by means of our gifts reach the world's needs. An understanding of the marvelous out-reach of our gifts today is a satisfactory return to the giver. We like what William Hiram Foulkes says about it. "Money talks, and it says—'I am you! You will be what you make of me! Catch me and keep me if you can, but I have wings. Hide me and hoard me for selfish ends, to see my glitter, to hear my clink, and I will poison your soul and paralyze your will. Save me, give me to serve and save others and I will come back and crown you with satisfaction and success!'"

Dr. George W. Carver, that great scientist of the colored race, had a very unusual attitude toward money. Thomas A. Edison approached him with an offer to join his laboratory staff, naming a salary in six figures. But the fabulous sum presented no temptation: his modest salary at Tuskegee institute was "enough," for his simple purposes. Said Dr. Carver, "The best things could not be bought and sold. Their value lay in human effort and devotion; the me-

dium of exchange was brotherhood and the compensation was service." "You can spend wealth," said Dr. Carver, "you can get rid of it, but not *usefully* unless you have planned how it can *make you grow*."

The objectives of our gifts capture our interest and devotion. Miss Kate Hill draws an illustration from the first World War. The family read the accounts in the paper, talked with others of the news and were interested, after a fashion. Then one day a nephew sailed from New York for the battle area, and what a difference! One of their very own in danger at the front! Anxiously they waited, their interest intense now. Precious valuable gifts to one's country. Then breathless interest. So it is with our gifts to the Lord's work; new interest follows real investments in the Kingdom.

Perhaps you heard of the lad who was hurrying to sit on the front seat, to hear a missionary speak. Asked why, he replied, "When he was here before I gave a dime for his work and I want to hear from my investment."

The dividends from bank accounts today are very small. Not so with our account with God—"He seeks for fruit that increaseth to our account." Recently we read, "Most of us borrow our greatness from the causes we serve." When we share God's program, what other investment yields such dividends?

"Seek thy true wealth, then in giving;

Joys in secret, silent giving;
For the richest charm of living
Is in giving—ever giving."

The Purpose it Serves

By MRS. J. ALFRED HEASTY

THE purpose of the Thank Offering is to develop the grace of grateful giving. One of the greatest things that has been accomplished by the Thank Offering is the change of heart among some of the givers. Those that gave grudgingly, at first, have given and given, and continued to give, until now it is a real delight to give. They have really come to know something of the meaning of Acts 20:35, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

More and more, members are learning the joy of the daily use of the Thank Offering Boxes. They daily drop in their pennies or larger coins for the special blessings of that day, and say, "Thank you," in a real way. Of course these small coins cannot adequately pay for these daily blessings but they do remind the women and children that they are indebted to God for all that they have.

It has been a real privilege to live in a foreign field for over twenty years and see some of the things that have been accomplished through the Thank Offering. Needy boys and girls have received an education who could otherwise never have been educated. The undernourished have received special food. It has been a joy to see these children grow strong and healthy. More and better equipment has been received by the schools, hospitals and evangelistic workers. Even salaries of some of the native workers have been paid and the faith of the workers has been strong enough to secure at times

more native workers, knowing that the women of America would furnish the funds. Thus the teaching could extend out into the districts that had never before been touched. As these Christian communities grew they wanted to help others more needy than themselves, so yearly they sent their thank offering into more needy sections of the field. As they had received the blessing of these Christian teachings so they wanted to make them available for others.

In the four years that we have been detained in America it has been a real joy to see the interest the women of America take in the Thank Offering. Many of the societies do not wait until the end of the year for their ingathering but have it once a quarter, thus keeping their goal continually before them. It is not only the women that come with their thank offering, but the husbands and fathers often ask for a white, blue or pink envelope at ingathering time that they too, may have a share in this Special Offering.

It has also been a joy to see the interest the children show in the Thank Offering. Some decorate glass jars that can be opened and reopened and are good for the whole year, or year after year. Instead of waiting until the end of the year, or even the end of the quarter, they often bring in their pennies once a month saying, "I put my pennies in the Thank Offering instead of buying an ice cream cone this week," or, "I didn't buy a candy bar this week, I put my pennies in the Thank Of-

fering jar." They want the underprivileged of our own country and other countries to have some of the privileges that here they just take for granted.

The first Thank Offering of our church was in 1888 and amounted to \$5,919.20. Their goal at that time was one dollar per member. Some years later that goal was reached and the goal was then set at one penny a day per member or \$3.65 a year. This past year that goal has been more than reached. The Thank Offering for 1943 amounted to \$172,117.85. Truly this year has been a wonderful year for the Thank Offering depart-

ment. But the thought often comes to me that much of the money that gets into the Thank Offering is not really a Thank Offering at all but only a part of what one really owes to God. The Thank Offering is over and above the tithe. It is not what one already owes to God. The Thank Offering is the measure running over, the heaped up offering. May our goal now be, that the Thank Offering of every man, woman and child truly be over and above that which they really owe their Master, Jesus Christ. Let every woman and child have both a tithe and Thank Offering jar, which they may see and use daily and weekly.

The Light of the World—Tanta Church Thank Offering Meeting

By MISS MARION PADEN, Tanta, Egypt

THE looked-for day at last arrived, although the little kindergarten children could hardly wait. But some of the Bible School pupils were not so eager as they were to face a large audience for the first time. The occasion was the annual Thank Offering in the Evangelical Church.

The day arrived bright and sunshiny. All the arrangements had been carefully made beforehand by Miss Wright. The costumes were ready, the candlesticks had been shined and everyone knew his and her place on the program.

About 4 o'clock the children of the kindergarten with two teachers and led by Miss Wright marched to the church, where a last rehearsal was held. This was so the little ones

would know how to go up and down from the platform.

There was a choir of girls from the families of the church which led the singing. Miss Wadea, one of the Bible School teachers, had the opening exercises. Then the time came for the little ones of the kindergarten to march up, and standing in two lines they repeated the 103rd Psalm. Next the tiny ones, ten of them, came to the platform. The leader, a wee lad not yet four years old, is the son of two doctors. Each of these tiny ones repeated a verse from the Scriptures about light, and then lighted a candle on the low table in front of the platform. Then both groups sang a song telling of the little ones in Heaven, who sing "Glory to God."

Three of the Bible School students went up in turn to read a passage from God's Word.

A pageant had been prepared showing the great need of the world for the light of Christ. One read the explanation while the others portrayed the story. After telling about the creation and the fall and the Coming of Christ, a young woman came in as Christianity and carrying a lighted candle. Off to one side was a figure shrouded in black representing the unsaved throughout the world. As the choir sang, "The Light of the World Is Jesus", she stretched out her hands imploringly, calling out "Light! who will lead us to the light? We are without hope in the world". Christianity pled for some one to go. As hindrances to the sending of the gospel to those without it, three young women came in representing Selfishness, Worldliness, and Indifference. These were absorbed in their own interests and re-

fused to make any exertion to spread the gospel. Meanwhile the one in black still called out, "Send out Thy light and Thy truth", the choir singing with her.

In answer to Christianity's call three figures carrying lighted candles approached, these were Love, Joy, and Peace, going to the needy. But Selfishness, Worldliness, and Indifference tried to prevent their going, and extinguished two of the candles. But Love persisted and was shortly joined by Faith and Prayer. Then Joy and Peace returned, their candles were relighted and all proceeded to the one representing the unsaved and brought her back with them. All gathered and sang, "The Light of the World Is Jesus".

Thus was pictured a story which carried a solemn lesson to the audience which almost filled the church. Would that all the Lord's people were true witnesses to Him amongst the unsaved!



Mary Clokey Porter, Girls' Boarding School, Tanta, Egypt

Suggested Devotional Service

For Program-Study on "A Bridge of Faith—The Thank Offering"

By (Mrs. C. W.) ELSIE WEHLING FULTON

Devotional Theme for year beginning April, 1944: SPIRITUAL SPANS

October: The Span of Gratitude.
Prov. 22:9.

(At front use a picture of a suspension bridge or build one with cardboard and wires. During the devotional have nine women form the word, GRATITUDE, on the bridge by having the first one place the "G", the second one the "R", etc.)

First Speaker: *(Places "G" on the bridge, recites Ps. 96:8, and announces the song, No. 103 in the Bible Songs Hymnal.)*

Second Speaker: *(Places "R" on bridge, recites Ps. 97:12, and announces Responsive Scripture Reading No. 15 in B. S. H.)*

Third Speaker: *(Places "A" on bridge, recites Ps. 22:27, and announces the song, No. 107 in B. S. H.)*

Fourth Speaker: *(Places "T" on bridge, recites II Cor. 9:15, and reads the poem which follows.)*

"O Thou great Friend to all the
sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest
guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the cap-
tive's chain,
And call the brethren forth from
want and woe.

"We look to Thee; Thy truth is
still the light
Which guides the nations, grop-
ing on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disas-
trous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect
day.

"Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou
art the way

The holiest know,—light, life, and
way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and
dearest pray
Toil by the light, life, way, which
Thou hast given."

Fifth Speaker: *(Places "I" on bridge, recites I Thess. 5:18, and prays the prayer which follows.)*

"O most loving Father, who
willest us to give thanks for all
things, to dread nothing but the
loss of Thee, and to cast all our
care on Thee who carest for us,
preserve us from faithless fears
and worldly anxieties, and grant
that no clouds of this mortal life
may hide from us the light of that
Love which is immortal, and which
Thou hast manifested unto us in
Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."
In His name we pray. Amen.

Sixth Speaker: *(Places "T" on bridge, recites Ps. 30:12, and announces the song, No. 157 in B. S. H.)*

Seventh Speaker: *(Places "U" on bridge, recites Ps. 59:17, and reads Ps. 96.)*

Eighth Speaker: *(Places "D" on bridge, recites Ps. 96:3, and reads the words of B. S. H. No. 83.)*

Ninth Speaker: *(Places "E" on bridge, recites Ps. 100:4, and reads Ps. 15.)*

Leader: *(Recites Prov. 22:9.)*

Poem:

"I thank Thee, Lord, for strength
of arm
To win my bread,
And that, beyond my need, is
meat
For friend unfed:

I thank Thee much for bread to live,
I thank Thee more for bread to give.

"I thank Thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
In cold and storm,
And that, beyond my need, is room
For friend forlorn:
I thank Thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

"I thank Thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
To ease their load:
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is Thy love I share."

Leader: Let us now think of "Gratitude" and our mission fields at home and abroad.

(Have each of the speakers make a statement as follows.)

1. "G" calls to my mind Gore and all the needy people of Ethiopia.

2. "R" calls to my mind Rawal Pindi and all the needy ones of India.

3. "A" calls to my mind Arlington, Alabama, and all American Negroes.

4. "T" calls to my mind Tama and all American Indians.

6. "T" calls to my mind Tanta and all the people of Egypt.

7. "U" calls to my mind the United States with its many underprivileged foreign-born peoples.

8. "D" calls to my mind Doleib Hill and all tribes of the Sudan.

9. "E" calls to my mind Ezel and all Mountain people.

5. "I" calls to my mind Myself with my many privileges and blessings. As the letter "I" stands in the center of the word "GRATITUDE," may each member of the W.G.M.S. ever stand in the center of a widening field of gratitude which reaches out in Thank Offerings to needy ones all over the world.

Prayer: *(See 15, 16, 4 Days in the Prayer Cycle.)*

Closing Song: B. S. H. No. 125.

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Good News from Far Countries

The Sudan

MRS. R. F. SHIELDS, Editor, Khartoum, The Egyptian Sudan

I TAKE A VACATION

By MISS C. BLANCHE SOULE, R.N.,
Nasir, The Egyptian Sudan

Vacations are considered a very necessary thing in this land. I believe that I worked too many years in America, without much thought of vacations to easily fall into the habit of feeling the vital necessity of one.

The years I was a teacher, the months our schools were closed were taken up in work to prepare for better teaching the next year. The years I did hospital work were very busy years, and necessarily the care of the patients and the keeping the machinery moving took precedence. In those years vacations had to take second place in our thinking and planning. However, climate and working conditions in this land are much different from those in the Homeland, so take a vacation we must.

One of our missionaries working in the North, wrote me that as soon as their school closed, she would leave for Nasir to take over my work, and that I should get ready for a vacation.

We have had a sore famine in this land this year. The crops were a failure and it was a very difficult thing to get grain. Our District Commissioner did not think that we could open our schools here at Nasir the first of May. There was no grain obtainable at that time to feed our pupils.

Very early I had corn and beans planted, and I had men carrying water from the river to water the garden, so that when our rainy season started our garden would go right along, and by the first of July we would have corn and beans to

use. I believed that with the bit of grain that I might be able to buy that I could open school by the early part of July,—and I did.

Since school could not be opened May 1st it was just right for a vacation. I planned to leave Malakal May 18, going by Nile steamer to Juba, then by lorry to Loka and Lui, two Church Missionary Society stations. Lui is about two hundred miles beyond Juba and Loka about seventy.

DISRUPTED PLANS

Did you ever plan, and then find that you had to plan again and again, and then stop planning and just wait for something to turn up? That is what I had to do.

Nasir is on the Sobat two hundred miles by river from Malakal, and one hundred thirty-five miles by lorry across country. Boats ply on the river when the river has enough water, but when the dry season is on, travelling is done by lorry across country. The month of May is neither dry season nor is it rainy season, it is betwixt and between. Much like the "indecisions of May" in America. "It is too warm for woollens, I'll discard them tomorrow." Then tomorrow is cold and damp and every one is sorry that the furnace fire is out, and the woollens are worn another day.

If the rains come on early in the Ethiopian mountains, we may have province steamers on the river by the first of May, if the rains are not early we continue to have our lorries across country, sometimes until about the middle of May. But even this doesn't go by schedule.

Our young missionary friend from the North arrived here May 9. Our Governor wrote me that he would

do all he could to see that I got to Malakal for the May 19 boat. I got the work arranged, things turned over, my bags packed, and was all ready to go either by lorry or by boat. But I didn't go by either lorry or boat.

A lorry left Malakal for Nasir. A short distance from Malakal there was a torrential down-pour which mired the lorry, and it was a matter of days before it could be got back to Malakal. That was the end of all hope of a lorry getting through. May 19 came and went, and so did the Nile steamer for Juba and I was still at Nasir.

The next Nile steamer from Malakal was due June 3. My plan then was to leave on that boat. Now, could I get accommodation on the June 3 boat? We had been told that accommodations were all taken weeks ahead. Our Government officials are always kind and helpful, and they do much for us. I got a telegram from the North telling me that accommodation had been reserved for me on the boat going South to Juba. Then several days later a telegram came from the South telling me that accommodation had been reserved for me on the boat going North to Khartoum. One of the officials had not been quite sure which way I wanted to go, so I had accommodation both North and South. I could take my choice.

I was quite all right for the trip from Malakal on, but I was still at Nasir two hundred miles from Malakal. The Sobat started to rise. One of the District Commissioners came up the Sobat some distance to meet another official. One of our Educational Inspectors and his wife were coming to Nasir on another province steamer. I had hopes then of going to Malakal on the steamer which was bringing our Educational Inspector and his wife. The river all of a sudden started to fall, and both these boats stuck and had to be

tied up waiting for the river to rise. June 3 would soon be here and still the rivers didn't rise.

At this stage a telegram came from our Governor, that a launch would be sent providing it could get through, and could I be ready at an hour's notice. Having been packed and waiting for more than two weeks there was no question about my being ready.

The afternoon of May 31, the launch arrived, and in a short time we were away. About sunset our launch crew tied up for the night. Very early next morning we were off, and after an hour's run we reached a wood station. The men told me that they wanted to stop here for breakfast. A sheep was killed, and breakfast cooked and eaten and then we were again on our way. We bumped over a good many sand bars but all went well until about 2 p. m. when onto a bar we went and stuck there. The launch carries a crew of four. These men pushed and tugged and nothing happened. Fortunately we were not far from the District Commissioner's boat. Two of her crew, wading and swimming, came to help us, and after a lot of hard work our launch again floated.

That evening at dusk we arrived where the other boat was stuck. Here we tied up for the night. I went onto the boat, had dinner with these friends, and a good visit, then back to the launch and to bed. Early the next morning I had breakfast with the Inspector's wife who was going with me to Malakal. (She had to go to Khartoum to do some Government work). After breakfast we were away. The river from here on was higher so we made better time, reaching Malakal about sunset.

A NEW START

We had dinner with our Governor, then he took me to the boat and I was settled for my trip to Juba.

Our boat left Malakal a little after 2 a. m., June 3.

The boat takes eight days to Juba. Not a very exciting trip, but I found it very restful. For some few days we travel through the sudd region where there is nothing to be seen except papyrus. As we got nearer Juba we saw herds of elephant and a few other animals.

The Secretary of the Church Missionary Society met me at Juba and took me to his home. He and his wife were very hospitable and kind. He arranged for my trip to Loka. I went in an army lorry which was going to the Congo. The driver was a tribesman from the Congo. He spoke his own native tongue and French. I didn't know his native tongue, and just a scrap of French. He knew no English but we got along all right. In this section of country the roads are good, large groups of men are working on them all the time.

A number of our boys are in school at Loka, and it was so nice to see them and visit with them. I was a guest in the home of the Head Master and his wife. I had a delightful stay with them. They are charming, consecrated people. I could stay only a week at Loka.

INTERNATIONAL FRIEND- LINESS

A Major from New Zealand came to Loka and brought me to Juba. I stayed with the Secretary of the C.M.S. and his wife. That evening I dined with the Colonel, the commanding officer of that section. The other guests were a Major from Scotland and the Canadian Major who brought me in his army lorry to Juba. The Colonel was one of the District Commissioners at Nasir for some years, but he went back into the military during this war.

The next day, Sabbath, I went to the English service early in the

morning, and later in the forenoon to the Bari service. I understood not a word that was said, but it did my heart good to see a crowded church. The congregation of Bari men, women, girls and boys was so quiet and reverent. There was a worshipful spirit in the church. They all took part in the service as though it meant much to them.

My trip to Lui had to be given up for my time was too short. There was no place to be had on the regular Nile postboat, so I had to leave a week earlier on an intermediate boat. It also was crowded. Just at that time there was a great push to the North.

We were five days to Malakal. While our boat was crowded, we had a very interesting time for so many countries were represented. My cabin mate was the wife of a French customs' officer. She and her husband were on their way to Djibouti. They have been in Africa as many years as I, first at Casablanca, then in French West Africa. They have a seventeen year old son, from whom they have not heard for more than three years and have not been able to get any money to him. Their families live in occupied France. They, of course, belong to the Free French.

I went to the Rest House at the Royal Air Force landing ground, to wait for a boat on the Sobat. I thoroughly enjoyed my stay here. Nothing to do but read, sleep, and eat. I did justice to all three.

"IT'S HOME AGAIN; HOME AGAIN!"

Finally the day for the boat to leave arrived. I had breakfast with our Governor, who took me to the boat, and I was off for the last lap of my vacation trip. The trip up the Sobat was very pleasant. The

McClure family were moving to Akobo on the boat which I traveled on. We got to Doleib Hill in the night. Very early in the morning Mr. McClure with his helpers began to load their goods. We all had breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, and then we left for our three or four days' trip on the Sobat.

Our days were full of visiting, reading, sleeping and eating, all very pleasant, but the nicest part of a vacation is getting home.

Variety is the spice of life, and it certainly is the spice of a vacation. I believe that you will agree with me that I had quite a bit of spice.

India

MRS. JOSEPH ALTER, Editor, Zafarwal, India

SPREADING GOOD NEWS IN SHEIKHUPURA DISTRICT

In the Missionary Magazine for October, 1943, there is an article, "A Day in Camp," telling how the new church at Makki Nai got started. It is just about a year now since this group of people decided to build a church and now it stands complete except for the wall to enclose the yard which they hope to build after harvest.

A number of non-Christians of the village contributed sun-dried bricks for the building. The rest of the bricks and the labor were contributed by the Christian group. The wood for the roof and doors and windows is a memorial by her parents to Mrs. Christy's sister who died about two years ago. On the wall facing the outside door is a small brass plate to her memory with an appropriate Bible verse written in Urdu on it. The matting on the floor and the table for the pulpit were contributed by different ones.

Our camp arrived in Makki Nai on Saturday—a real army of us, for it was the week for the field course of the Theological Seminary of Gujranwala, and four students and a blind boy came to be with us for their practical work. Also Dr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart and their three children came with the students. We are nine ourselves counting the

Christy twins, two and a half years old, and Johnny Harkness, five months old, who are very important members of the camp force.

On Sabbath there was the dedication of the new church, and the ordination of a new elder. The church looked very nice with floor and walls smoothly plastered with mud and the new strips of matting on the floor for people to sit on, and festoons of bright colored paper and Christmas bells for decorations, and bouquets of yellow mustard flowers and white jasmine on the pulpit table. The dedication service was beautiful and as quiet and orderly as could be expected of a village crowd when women with babies and little children predominated.

The rest of the week was given over to the Bible School. Every morning the students met with the missionaries for conference to discuss problems they are going to meet when they become pastors. In the afternoons there were Bible classes for the Christians, when the boys were able to get practice in teaching and in giving the exposition of the lesson. In the evenings there were stereopticon pictures from the Bible with some one telling the account, or else a sermon or a prayer meeting.

On the following Sabbath there was a communion service and a number of people were taken into the church. Among them were some

old men who were baptized a few years ago but had never taken communion. Many of this Christian group have only been baptized a few years, and all were very ignorant and indifferent when a young man and his wife were sent to live there as workers about five years ago. Since then there has been real growth in spiritual things as witnessed by their regular attendance at Bible School and their building of a church for themselves.

Helen Artman.

LOVE'S GIFT

By MABEL C. STEWART

Two by two, dressed in their blue and red striped homespun cotton suits—full trousers with shirts hanging halfway to the knees—and freshly washed white head scarfs, the girls from Miss White's school trudged down the dusty road to the little brick church. Tiny kindergarteners in front, older girls of the more advanced classes following, all quietly took their places, sitting cross-legged on pieces of matting spread on the floor. The teachers, with Miss White, sat on hard benches. It was a hot summer day in India, and woven reed fans, shaped like battle-axes, moved back and forth, back and forth, as both missionaries from America, who never grew quite accustomed to the extreme heat, and Indians, too, tried to create a cooling breeze. Those were eager faces, however, that looked up at the white-haired Indian minister who was occupying the pulpit that morning. He was not the pastor of the little church, to whom the school girls listened week by week; this was a stranger. At least, most of the girls had never seen him although perhaps all had heard of him and knew he was the Indian missionary sent out by their Synod, to work in the home mission field of the Indian church.

There he stood, Padri Buta Mall, in spotless white, his long shirt hanging outside his trousers, as is the Indian custom, a thin muslin scarf draped over his shoulder. Because he was in church he was bare-headed, but his huge turban, made of yards and yards of white muslin, was placed on the bench behind him. Earnestly he was telling of his work.

"It is not my work alone," he was saying; "it is yours, too. There are Christians out there in those distant villages who are depending on you to send some one to teach them. And how many there are, too, Hindu and Mohammedan men, women, and little children, who have never heard of our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and who perhaps never will, unless you send one to tell them, and give of your money and prayers."

He told, too, of some he had tried to help—of little blind Rajan, who because of some generous gifts was now happily learning in a school for blind children; of Hira Lall, the proud Hindu shopkeeper, whose heart had been won through the evangelist's kindly visits and fearless preaching, and who was now himself a baptized Christian; of others who were secret believers but as yet lacked courage to confess their Lord. "You all know the Lord Jesus died for you; remember He died for these others also. Pray for them, and for us who are trying to bring them into the abundant life—the life that is in Christ, our Lord," he concluded. The schoolgirls were thoughtful as they walked back along the dusty road, to their comfortable school dormitories. Quietly they began preparations for the main meal of the day. It was not what many children in America would have considered a proper Sabbath dinner—chicken and ice cream and all that goes in between.

There was no meat on the school menu today; meat, a treasured treat, came only twice a week. Today there was rice, steaming and fluffy; and there were green vegetables, seasoned with hot red peppers, and curry powder; and of course there were the ordinary flat cakes of unleavened whole wheat bread. A simple meal to be sure, but there was plenty for all. No girl ever went hungry in this mission school, as she might have done had she been living in her village home where many knew daily the meaning of hunger.

Every head was bowed as one of the teachers gave thanks for the meal. "Our heavenly Father," she prayed, "give us at all times thankful hearts for all thy mercies to us, and help us in some way to help those who as yet do not know Him who is the Bread of Life."

The day was done, and the suspicion of a breeze was gently stirring the air, as Miss White sat relaxed by the bungalow steps. How bright the stars were tonight! It rested her to look at them, and to realize that God's faithfulness was as steadfast as the stars.

"Miss Sahiba Ji, may we come?" a soft voice startled her.

She looked around. Several of the school girls stood beside her. Why, this was unusual. It was past their bedtime.

"We could not rest, Miss Sahiba," Barkate said quietly, "until we had told you what is in our hearts. We have all been thinking about what Padri Buta Mall told us this morning. The Lord Jesus has done so much for us. We love Him and we want to do something for Him. Can't we too help in this home mission work?"

Miss White was touched. "Bless their precious hearts," she thought, "what can they do?" From the poorest of village homes, they have only pennies, and those, but very few. How can they give anything?"

"You see," eager little Piyari was continuing, "we have no money to give, but can't we do this? You know we have meat twice a week. We want to give up one of our meat meals this week and give that money to Padri Buta Mall for his work."

Thus it happened that the home mission evangelist received a contribution from the girls of Miss White's school. It was a small gift—only two and one-half dollars, the price of meat for one meal for hungry Indian schoolgirls. But perhaps in the sight of Him who rebuked the disciples for sending the children away from Him, this gift of loving little hearts was larger than anything that we, who have so much more could ever give.

Egypt

MRS. W. J. SKELLIE, Editor, Luxor, Egypt

THE GARDEN OF THANKS-GIVING

By EULALIA D. GREYHER, Mary Clokey Porter
Boarding School for Girls, Tanta, Egypt

It wasn't very much trouble to bring in about two and a half dozen pots of bright flowers from the garden and arrange them on the platform so that a number were heard

exclaiming, "It's just like a garden."

Since our school has grown so that we needed to have sixteen classes, we decided to spend two days celebrating gathering the Thank Offering, eight classes bringing their offerings each of two successive days. Each class furnished a number on the program. Variety abounded but the theme was the same.

It was lovely to see many of the children dramatize their reasons for being thankful and wanting to give. Some were thankful for eye sight, for whole unmaimed bodies, for health, for parents, for relighted streets at night, for sleep unbroken by alerts, for food and clothing and many other things.

One of the Kindergarten classes was especially good in its recitation of Bible verses on thanksgiving beginning with the letters of the alphabet in Arabic.

The songs, recitations, dramatizations and prayers were all animated, and when it came to counting the offering we were happy to find it amounted to more than one hundred and fifteen dollars. Some of it the children sent to the malaria sufferers of Upper Egypt and others benefiting were orphanages, the local church and the Synod of the Nile.

But all our days are not so serenely happy as those spent in the Garden of Thanksgiving. Our patience has been tried severely at times over difficulties arising from trying to procure adequate supplies such as sugar, tea, oil, rice, kerosene, unbleached muslin and outing flannel for the needs of this very large school family. It happens sometimes so much energy is spent in line at government offices it is hard to get the routine work done at home.

The battle for cleanliness is fought under greater difficulties than formerly, and is more often lost in spite of strenuous efforts constantly put forth. There was the instance of the father so determined his daughter was not suffering from pediculi he asked for a microscope examination of what I insisted was a nit. We promptly furnished all necessary apparatus and the evidence was uncontestedly against him. Even so he was unconvinced, he knew this was merely the effect of cold water on hair, and went away contending, as so many others also do, that we are "cleaner than necessary."

We never cease being thankful for the competent medical and surgical care furnished at our hospital as often as we are in need. Usually it is appreciated but a recent incident distressed us considerably. A boarder in high school tore the tendons of her right foot while playing volley ball and was thereafter unable to walk. One of the younger doctors, after x-raying her foot, fitted her out with a cast and a pair of crutches, so she could go on with her lessons, but with emphatic instructions to keep her weight off this foot for two weeks. All went well for the first four days, and then, because the victim felt no pain for the first time since the accident she concluded her foot must be well and removed the cast bit by bit throwing it in the waste basket in the study hall. It might not seem so bad if our doctors had nothing to do but practice making casts, provided the necessary materials were not so hard to procure as they are nowadays, but the doctors are much overworked and sometimes are unable to get the right materials for best results.

Still another recent experience made us long to be able to equip a playground for children here similar to public playgrounds at home. Our school has a swing near the front gate and passing children find it hard to go by that without stopping in to swing a bit. One evening a group of high school boys could not resist the temptation, but because this is a girls' school one of the servants tried to put them out. Thereupon a pitched battle ensued and the servant got the worst of it, suffering a deep cut over his left eye.

I like to dream of a "Garden of Thanksgiving" not the size of our auditorium platform but not smaller than the vacant lot behind the school where children of all kinds would have the right to play, under supervision, and also have the opportunity to learn the way of life abundant.

Editorial

MRS. JOHN P. WHITE, Editor, 7237 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh (8), Pa.
MRS. RALPH H. ARNOLD, Treasurer, 525 Mifflin Ave., Pittsburgh (21), Pa.

A SHOWER AT NEW CONCORD

One of the outstanding features, to which the delegates to the Women's General Missionary Society Convention look forward each year, is the Magazine Subscription Shower.

On the morning of the last day of the convention this year, Muskingum's sky was clear and cloudless; but at ten minutes past nine o'clock, the subscription raindrops began to pour into the offering plates at Brown Chapel; and to the delight of all, when tabulations were made, it was found that between eight and nine hundred new and renewal subscriptions had been received, with receipts amounting to \$811.10.

Of our 52 presbyterials, 35 contributed to the shower:—the following making the largest contribution, and listed according to rating:

Lake, Puget Sound, and Oregon; Cleveland and Wisconsin tying for fourth place, and Boston, Idaho, Nebraska, Kansas City, and Philadelphia receiving honorable mention.

The results of this shower have not been the only impetus to keep us pushing ahead to our formerly prescribed goal of 15,000 subscribers.

Through April, May, and June, while our annual convention club offer was in operation, 122 clubs were received in our office, which added to the 21 clubs received at the convention, made a grand total of 143 clubs.

These 143 clubs were largely instrumental in adding 2,786 new subscribers to our Mailing List, and bringing in 4,781 renewal subscriptions.

For sending in the largest number of new subscriptions to our own office during these three months, highest honor goes to Mrs. J. D. Nirella, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Robert Struble of Kenmore, New York, has been awarded second place; Mrs. A. W. Keffer, Hutchinson, Kansas, third place; and Mrs. C. F. Kenneweg of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mrs. Ralph Ayers of Ezel, Kentucky tie for fourth place.

Nothing would make the Magazine Staff happier than to have space in this issue of the Magazine to publish the names of every presbyterial, society, literature secretary, and individual who helped make this year's subscription drive such a gratifying success.

We know who you are and we thank you heartily for your interest and splendid co-operation.

We are counting on you to continue with us in our efforts and prayers to attain our coveted goal of 15,000 subscribers by March 31, 1945.

Mrs. Ralph H. Arnold

RADIO INTERVIEW

*WGMS Interviews Three Typical Literature Secretaries
at the Convention June 16, 1944.*

The characters are: Miss Amy Dilatory who shows little interest in her office, considering it of little importance.

Miss Mona Middleway, who is satisfied with a society reaching the av-

erage of one-third the members subscribers. Miss "Enna Jettick", who believes that the efficiency of missionary societies depends upon their knowledge of the work they help support.*

And WGMS.

WGMS—Good Morning! Will you tell us your name?

AMY DILATORY—My name is Amy Dilatory.

WGMS—You are a Literature Secretary?

AMY D.—Yes, I am.

WGMS—What is your estimate of the Women's Missionary Magazine?

AMY D.—Oh, I think it is very nice.

WGMS—You are a reader, I suppose.

AMY D.—Yes, I read it sometimes. I have so much literature I do not have time for everything. I belong to a Book-of-the-month club; I subscribe for National Geographic—one needs to be up on Geography these days; I take Time, Life, Fortune, Cosmopolitan, Ladies Home Journal and "Movietone"—Yes and Readers' Digest; one needs to have something in brief form to carry when one travels.

WGMS—I see you have a wide and varied assortment. You did not mention The Women's Missionary Magazine. You are a subscriber, of course.

AMY D.—No, not exactly. The Editor sends me sample copies sometimes and I always keep one copy for myself.

WGMS—Did you succeed in getting any new subscriptions for the Convention Shower?

AMY D.—No, I am sorry to say I did not.

WGMS—Did you secure renewals of all the old subscribers?

AMY D.—They did not all renew; I do not know why. It seems I am not a good agent—I never could sell anything.

WGMS—Miss Dilatory, you would not be offended, would you if I should tell you what a Life Insurance man said about salesmanship? It was this: Ask yourself three questions—How much do I know about this project? How much do I believe in it? How much work am I willing to put into it? If you answer these aright you will have success whether you are trying to sell insurance or incubators, ships or shoestrings, beads or bridges, and I might add maps or Magazines.

AMY D.—I am very sorry I have not done better. I know I am not suited to this work. I shall ask to be relieved of my office; it is a rather thankless job at best.

WGMS—Now dear, please do not do that. Think it over, pray it over, try again, remembering always that this is the Master's work.

WGMS—Good morning! Will you tell us your name?

MONA MIDDLEWAY—My name is Mona Middleway.

WGMS—You are a Literature Secretary, Miss Middleway?

M. M.—Yes, I am the Literature Secretary for the two societies in our church.

* This trade name is used by permission.

WGMS—How long have you had this office?

M. M.—Four years.

WGMS—Do you enjoy the work?

M. M.—I think I would say that I do. It is rather pleasant. I hardly ever have to go around soliciting subscriptions because the women just hand the money to me when it is convenient and we have nice little visits together. I send them off just as they come, some one month and some another.

WGMS—What success have you had in getting new subscriptions the past year?

M. M.—I would say—as my name might indicate just “middling” success. I found when I took over this work that about one-third of the members all over the church are subscribers. I have been happy indeed that I have been able to keep up to the average in our women’s society.

WGMS—What about your Young Women? How many of them are subscribers?

M. M.—I have not succeeded very well with the Young Women. You see they read their mothers’ magazines.

WGMS—How many “mother” members do you have?

M. M.—Sixty on the roll.

WGMS—Then you have twenty subscriptions?

M. M.—There are just 18 at present but I expect to get the other two very soon.

WGMS—How many members do you have in your Y. W. Society?

M. M.—There are thirty.

WGMS—How many magazines do these young women take?

M. M.—They take two and then pass them around so the girls will have some help for their programs.

WGMS—Are these girls, you speak of, really young girls living at home with their mothers?

M. M.—Oh, no, most of them are quite mature, to say the least, and live in homes of their own.

WGMS—Do you see any possibilities in this group of mature young women? It seems to me to be a great unworked field in our organization. Will you not try to cultivate this field?

M. M.—I promise you, I shall try.

WGMS—Thank you, Miss Middleway. I am sure we shall hear from you again.

WGMS—Good morning! Your name, please?

“ENNA JETTICK”—My name is Miss “Enna Jettick”.

WGMS—You are a Literature Secretary?

E. J.—Yes, and I am happy to be one.

WGMS—We should like to have you tell our great radio audience what success you have had in getting subscriptions to the Women’s Missionary Magazine.

E. J.—I have succeeded in placing a Magazine in every home in our church where there is a member of a missionary society — Women’s, Young Women’s and Girls’ Circle. I send all subscriptions in alphabetical order at one time right at the first of the month so that no one will miss a number.

WGMS—Splendid! Tell us some more of your methods.

E. J.—In the first place I used my head! I was in business for some years and I found it necessary to know details. When I was asked to become Literature Secretary I began to study the Magazine, though I had been a reader for years.

WGMS—Did you find this an interesting study?

E. J.—It was thrilling! I got hold of the bound volumes and read again and again from the old pages. What a wealth of information and history is bound up in these 57 volumes! I found that this Magazine begun in 1887 has been self-supporting through the years. Except for a contribution from the Board to assist in publishing the July-August issue, which is the annual Report of the Women's General Missionary Society, the interest on the \$10,000 Mrs. George Moore Memorial Fund started in 1926, and interest on another small savings fund, there is no income whatsoever except from subscriptions. As I studied, I became acquainted with the Women's Board. I feel that I know every one of them, for I never miss a word any one of them writes. I came to know our missionaries in the Southland, in the Mountains, in the cities, among the Indians, and those in Egypt, India, The Sudan and Ethiopia. The more I got to know of the work the more I longed that all our women might know about it, too. I feel that we could make great advances IF—IF all our women were fully informed.

WGMS—You believe, then, that information is basic?

E. J.—I certainly do.

WGMS—That reminds me that Dr. Mary Woolley, one time President of Mount Holyoke College, said in regard to education in general and religious education in particular, "The first pre-requisite for intelligent action is an informed mind."

E. J.—I agree with that statement heartily. I have found that our women are ready for action—any action that the Women's General Missionary Society and the Board suggest.

WGMS—Miss "Enna Jettick," do you think we could run the great work of the Women's General Mis-

sionary Society if we did not have this medium of communication?

E. J.—I am sure we could not. The Magazine is our Guide Book. It's our Circulatory system; it's our life line—oh, I can think of a dozen figures—

WGMS—You might add it's a bridge—a bridge from non-information to information, from officers and Board members to societies; from missionaries to supporting constituency.

"I like a bridge,
It cries, 'Come on,
I'll take you from here to there
And save you time and toil.

* * * * *

There's new adventure on the
other side
And I will help you cross.' "

E. J.—What I am trying to say is—
It is INDISPENSABLE!

WGMS—I assume you do not overlook all the other good literature we have.

E. J.—No, indeed. We follow the Reading Course; we use the Prayer Cycle—every member has a copy; we use the studies and buy new books and maps every year.

WGMS—Miss Enna Jettick, you have reached the peak of perfection in a Literature Secretary. I wish we had one thousand like you.

E. J.—I am not satisfied yet.

WGMS—Not satisfied? What more could you do than to have every member a reader?

E. J.—I have heard of a small sister denomination that has but 15,000 members in its missionary society but has 17,500 subscriptions to its missionary magazine.

WGMS—How could that be? Do some women take two magazines?

E. J.—No, they have some system of associate members who pay a small sum into the treasury and also subscribe for the magazine. Even-

tually some of them become active members.

WGMS—Miss "Enna Jettick," I think that is splendid; there would be a source of new recruits pouring fresh life into the organization. I am often overwhelmed with the thought that in our United Presbyterian Church, which is supposed to be an outstanding missionary church, that only 34,191 are members of our women's and young women's societies and only part of them adequately informed. There are about 65,000 other United Presbyterian women in the church who do not know there is a convention this week; they do not know what we are talking about. Why is it so? Has the WGMS not shown forth any great radiance? Has she not manifested her love and consuming passion for her Lord? Has she not been faithful in spreading the news of her great work? Why have we not grown in numbers with the increasing membership of the church? We need to do some heart searching.

E. J.—*And some distribution of literature.* I for one shall continue to do my part to inform women and increase our readers.

WGMS—Thank you, that cheers my heart.

Miss Middleway. May I have another word?

WGMS—Certainly.

M. M.—I cannot go home and be satisfied to be an *average* Literature

Secretary. I do not want my society to continue to be an *average* society. I think I have heard God's voice calling me to a better service and by His help I shall magnify my office.

MISS AMY DILATORY—I should like to have another word.

WGMS—You are not going to resign, are you?

AMY D.—No, I am not. I am deeply humiliated. I confess that I have never had any real deep interest in missions. I became a member of the missionary society because my mother was a member and I felt sure she would want me to be. I know that some of the women thought I might attend meetings oftener if I were given even a little unimportant office—as I considered it. It seems to me that since I have come to this convention I have heard the Master's voice saying, "Daughter, do you not see that this humble little work is just a part of the great plan—"Teaching them—"? Here and now I promise my society, the Women's General Missionary Society and God, that I shall dedicate myself anew to my task.

WGMS—

"You (I) heard Him call,
'Come follow,'
That was all.

* * * * *

"Who would not follow
If they heard Him call"?

The Magazine Says—

I regret that my July-August issue is exhausted and some who sent subscriptions late will be disappointed. I shall begin coming in September and continue my visits until July-August 1945.

There will be no special subscription rate through the month of October this year; but for one dollar I shall go to your home for twelve months carrying program helps; interesting news from your Home and Foreign mission fields; and reading a-plenty to deepen your interest in the building of Christ's kingdom at home and abroad.

Thanks Offering Department

"LEST WE FORGET"

A Pageant Produced by Members of the Pleasant Grove Y.W.M.S., Youngstown, Ohio

Directed by Mrs. Don P. Montgomery and Miss Alice Smith

MUSIC—Organ and Quartet—

READER—

"Praise Jehovah, all ye nations,
All ye people praise proclaim;
For his grace and loving kindness,
O sing praises to his name.
Great to us hath been his mercy,
Ever faithful is his word;
Through all ages it endureth
Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

Lost in the maze of antiquity is the date of the first Thanksgiving Day. Such days have marked the pathway of the ages in all lands and among all the peoples where God is known and honored. Days of Thanksgiving have been called forth from the beginning of time by some manifestation of Divine favor, by the memory of some great deliverance, or by the expression of thanks from a grateful heart.

Scan the pages of history and behold Thanksgiving and Thank Offering through the ages, lest we the favored people of today forget to sing our psalms of praise and to give our tributes of love and gratitude.

Lo, here come the first children of the earth, Cain and Abel, bearing their gifts to God.

* This pageant was written by groups of members in the Young Women's Society of the Pleasant Grove Church, Youngstown, Ohio. The scenes were presented one by one at the regular meetings. Then the whole was combined and unified by the Thank Offering Secretary, Miss Alice Smith and presented by the united groups at the Annual Thank Offering meeting. Of the progressive work Miss Smith writes: "The enthusiasm during production was definitely increased because this was a part of them. It was also an added incentive for an increased thank offering, for they were very conscious through this pageant of their blessings, even in war time."

This may be secured in leaflet form from the Thank Offering Department, 905 Publication Building. Price 10c.

(Enter Cain carrying fruit and harvests of the field. He arranges the articles on the altar. Enter Abel carrying a lamb.)

ABEL—(Approaching Cain's altar)
Ah, brother, I see thou art already here preparing thy sacrifice.

CAIN—What thinks't thou of this sacrifice? Is it not a noble one? Long hours have I labored in the fields and vineyards and these are some of the first fruits of my toil.

ABEL—Yea, brother, it is goodly. Thou hast had success.

CAIN—But I have better than these.

ABEL—Hast thou not brought the best to God?

CAIN—Why should I? Was it not grown on my land by my labor?

ABEL—Yea, but God gave thee the land and the hands wherewith to toil it.

CAIN—Go about thy sacrifice! I see thou hast brought a lamb.

ABEL—Yea, the firstling of the flock.
(Abel goes to his altar and prepares his sacrifice. Cain kneels and offers his prayer.)

CAIN—The fruit of my labor I offer to thee. Receive thou the gift and grant me thy blessing.
(Abel kneels and prays.)

ABEL—The firstling of the flock I offer to thee Jehovah. Accept the sacrifice and bless now thy servant.

VOICE—(off stage) Abel, Jehovah thy God hath heard thy prayer. Thy sacrifice hath found favor and the blessing of God is upon thee.

CAIN—Why was his more acceptable than mine?

VOICE—Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, shall it not be lifted up? and if thou doest not well sin coucheth at the door; and unto thee shall be its desire; but do thou rule over it.

(Abel rises and leaves the stage.)

(Cain departs in wrath. Lights are lowered; organ plays softly as altars are removed and candles arranged for temple altar; lights up.)

(Eli enters and stands by the altar.)

READER—"Lo, children are a heritage of Jehovah."

For them the heart of woman has ever yearned; to God her prayers have ascended that she might be worthy of the great honor of motherhood. Behold the earnest supplication of one woman of long ago—Hannah.

(Eli stands by altar; Hannah enters from the audience and drops on her knees before the altar.)

HANNAH—"O Lord of Hosts, if thou wilt indeed look on the affliction of thine handmaid, and remember me, and not forget thy handmaid, but wilt give unto thine handmaid a man child, then will I give him unto Jehovah all the days of his life."

ELI—*(raises hand in blessing)* "Go in peace and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition that thou hast asked of Him."

(Hannah rises and departs; soft music; lowered lights to indicate passing of time.)

READER—Months later, the same woman transformed by the glory of motherhood remembers her vow and presents to God her sacrifice of thanksgiving.

(Eli enters during this speech;

enter Hannah carrying a small baby.)

HANNAH—Oh, my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto Jehovah. For this child I prayed; and my petition which I asked of him has been granted. I dedicate him, this son of my prayers to the Lord as long as he liveth. No greater gift can I offer.

(Kneels and prays.)

My heart exulteth in Jehovah;
My horn is exalted in Jehovah;
There is none holy as Jehovah;
For there is none besides thee.

To thee giver of the deep petitions of my heart, I dedicate this the son of my prayers to thee, O God.

(Rises and hands baby to Eli.)

Take him, O Eli, teach him in the ways of our God that men may revere the name of Samuel as one who walks with God.

MUSIC—Quartet sings *The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.*

(Hannah and Eli leave the stage. Lights lowered and spot light put on reader who continues while altar is cleared.)

READER—For health and strength we give thee thanks, O Lord. In all ages past God provided for the physical needs of his people—Manna came down from heaven for the Israelites, Elijah was fed by the ravens, Christ fed the five thousand, healed the sick and made the blind to see. Lest we forget, let the curtain of the centuries be rolled back that we may see a new vision of the healing power of Christ and the varying degrees of the gratitude of man.

(Enter two lepers dejectedly.)

LEPERS—*(unison)* U n c l e a n, unclean.

1ST LEPER—*(Sadly)* Wouldst that this loathsome disease of leprosy

could pass from us. How I long for the home of my father.

2ND LEPER—Alas, ten years have I been smitten with this affliction—I am an outcast who must cry, unclean, unclean.

(Enter other lepers from opposite side, joyfully.)

3RD LEPER — Greetings, friends, greetings. I bring you good news. Be not so desolate.

4TH LEPER—(Interrupting) Make haste, come with us to the road outside the village. We have heard of One a Jew called Jesus who heals such as we.

2ND LEPER—What Jew would make well a Samaritan?

3RD LEPER—Yea, we have but to touch the hem of His garment and be made whole.

(Voices heard off stage.)

VOICES—Jesus, have mercy on us.
(Four lepers leave stage crying.)

LEPERS—Mercy on us too, Master.

VOICE—Go shew yourselves unto the priests.

(Lepers enter and move across the stage overjoyed at the miracle.)

1ST LEPER—Behold the miracle.

2ND LEPER—I am cleansed.

3RD LEPER—What wondrous things Jesus wrought.

4TH LEPER—Let us hasten to the priests.

3RD LEPER—(Hesitates, turns back thoughtfully, goes to the edge of the stage, kneels toward the side.) Thanks be unto God for His bountiful mercies. Glory be to His Holy Name.

VOICE—Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? Were there none found that returned to

give glory to God, save this stranger? Arise, go thy way. Thy faith hath made thee whole.

(3rd Leper leaves stage.)

MUSIC—(organ and quartet)—O Beautiful for Spacious Skies
(America the Beautiful.)

READER—

“O beautiful for spacious skies for
amber waves of grain
For purple mountain's majesty
above the fruited plain
America! America!”

This is our own, our favored land—Here our Pilgrim forefathers remembered God and paid thankful tribute that bleak day in Nov. 1623.

(Enter Priscilla and Patience met by Hope.)

PRISCILLA—Good day to you, Hope.

HOPE—And to you.

PATIENCE—Have you heard the news, Hope? Governor Bradford said today in the town meeting that he has named a day for public Thanksgiving. We are all to gather at the meeting house for prayer and praise. Afterward there is to be a great feast.

PRISCILLA—Everyone is to go to the feast, even the Indians are to be invited.

HOPE—How thankful we should be that we can have a feast! I can remember too well last winter.

PRISCILLA—It was terrible. Well do I remember when our ration was but five kernels of corn each. Now we have plenty of food.

PATIENCE—But let us not forget that a thankful heart is better than a feast. We should give thanks in our hearts for our peace and plenty.

PRISCILLA—I am thankful, too, but I shall never forget the graves of last winter, the dangers from In-

dians, and the hungry gnawing within me.

PATIENCE—But Priscilla, these are the things which should make you more thankful to God, for we have been drawn closer to God through our hardships and that should make us bless him more and more. God's peace is now upon us.

HOPE—How many will celebrate this Thanksgiving day?

PATIENCE—Governor Bradford says that Massoit and his ninety men are to be here. Squanto and a few of his followers and our own people.

HOPE—That means much work for the few housewives. We must be about the work. Good day, Priscilla and Patience.

(Organ plays softly as they leave.)

READER—Throughout the ages, Christ's bride, the church, has hearkened to the Master's words—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every nation."

The United Presbyterian Church during its entire history has been carrying the message of salvation to a needy world. Down through the years men, women, boys and girls have given expression in many ways to the love in their hearts. The gifts from grateful hearts of love are Thank Offerings. The beautiful service of giving these love gifts or Thank Offerings began among the women of our church.

Let time turn back fifty-six years to the first Thank Offering Service of our church.

(Enter the president of the society, begins to place chairs, table, books, etc., for the meeting.)

PRESIDENT—I came early to the church this afternoon to see that everything is ready for this very important meeting. I wonder how

the women will turn out to a Thank Offering Service. It is new to all of us, but I have spent much time in prayer that the Lord will bless this meeting and that all the women will come in the spirit of Gratitude to God for His blessings.

(Enter the members of the society, one or two at a time with the usual greetings and informal conversation. When all are present, Pres. takes her place at the table.)

PRESIDENT—The meeting will come to order now. I shall read from the 96th Psalm which is an exhortation to praise God and bring our offerings unto Him. *(Reads the psalm.)*

Will Mrs.—— lead us in prayer?
(All kneel by their chairs.)

Now will the secretary read the message from the Women's Board of the Women's General Missionary Society, which sets before us the kind of meeting we are having today?

SECRETARY—*(reads)*

Dear Members of the Women's Missionary Societies of the United Presbyterian Church:

"This is a time of great emergency in our beloved church. Our Mission Boards have started work in various fields and devoted workers have given their lives to missionary service. At this time there is great need for funds to continue this work. Some people are saying we must retrench, close up some of the churches, schools, hospitals, and bring home some of the missionaries. But there is one saintly woman, Mrs. Eliza Clokey of Springfield, Ohio, who has been praying that there will be no need for retrenchment. God has honored her devotion by giving her a plan—the women of the church should bring Thank Offerings to Him, and thus meet the need. We, the Women's Board have accepted

this plan and ask that each society will set April 14, 1888, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving. Surely such praises will be acceptable to God. Please pray, plan, and work for this Thank Offering Service.

(Signed) The Women's Board.

PRESIDENT—Come, let us present our Thank Offerings, and I hope each member will repeat a verse of Thanksgiving.

(Each steps forward and places her offerings on table.)

(The following are suggested verses.)

"Freely ye have received, freely give."

"We give thanks unto thee, O God."

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father."

"Oh give thanks unto Jehovah, call upon His name, make known among the people His doings."

"Sing unto Him, sing praises unto Him; talk ye of all His marvelous works."

"Bless Jehovah, O my soul."

"I will sing unto Jehovah as long as I live."

PRESIDENT—To the work of the Lord we dedicate these love gifts.

MUSIC—O Thank the Lord. *(Ladies sing several verses. Organ continues as each lady takes her chair and leaves stage.)*

READER—Thank Offering today—1944. What does it mean to you and to me? Are we grateful? Do we count the many blessings God bestows on us or have we forgotten the lesson of the ages "In all things to give thanks."

Here is Mrs. Ungrateful Church member of 1944.

(Enter lady who busies herself with straightening things on table;

then sits down part way through her speech.)

MRS. CHURCH MEMBER—The missionary society is meeting this evening. I really do enjoy the work of the society most of the time, but I am not going tonight. No it is mockery having a Thank Offering service. What have members of our church to be thankful for? Just what reasons have I to be so very thankful? I can't see it. Aren't my son and my two brothers fighting in the foxholes of the worst conflict the world has ever known? Haven't I been deprived of numerous commodities this past year? My work has become harder and I am becoming very, very weary. Why, oh why give Thank Offerings this year? Let the missionary work wait until we have our own living conditions back to normal. No, I'll not go to the Thank Offering service this year.

(Knits or sews for few minutes.)

Isn't it odd I can't get that Thank Offering service out of my mind? I seem to hear someone talking to me.

(These people appear to her as visions.)

EGYPTIAN—I am from the land of Egypt. I cannot read. I stood day after day to see the foreign lady who visited some of the homes. I asked her if she had come to open a school for girls. Her answer was, I'd love to but I don't have the money or the teachers. I'm still waiting, but I can't wait much longer for my marriage is planned for as soon as I am twelve. My religion is cruel and oppressive and womanhood is so broken down. Who will help us to get Christian teachers?

SUDANESE—I live in the vast stretches of the Sudan. We are ignorant and degraded. We are victims of superstition and the

heartless witch doctor. Oh, how we need your help.

HINDU—If you were a little widow in India, you would know great suffering. I was only five years old when my husband died, but they blame me for his death. Now I am an outcast, I cannot eat with others; my own family will not eat at the same table with me. I am only a slave. Hear my cry.

MOUNTAINEER—I am a Southern mountaineer. My people plead for schools and churches, for many of us can neither read nor write. There is no church for many miles. Send some one to help us.

AMERICAN—I am one of your own American children. How shall the young direct their way? My cry is for fewer broken homes. How can I find the way without a father to guide or a mother to comfort me? Oh, share with us your vision for we would not perish. Hear, oh mother, hear.

MRS. CHURCH MEMBER—(*Rising*) Enough, I have heard enough! How could I be so blind and selfish? Certainly I am going to the great ingathering of 1944 and I am taking my Thank Offering that all men and women may someday know the saving love of my Master.
(*Picks up her blue box and leaves the stage.*)

READER—(*Moves to the center of the stage.*)

O favored people, have we forgotten God's goodness to us? Have we overlooked the fellowship of friends, the blessing of happy homes and children? Have we disregarded the comfort and joy of the church and the great power of God in building our nation? Have we forgotten our Saviour who died that all might live? Have we in this hour of national peril and crisis forgotten the great commission—Go, Tell?

Lest we do forget—Come dedicate anew your gold, your prayers, your service, your life to Him.

MUSIC—Organ plays *What Shall I Render to the Lord?*

(*Enter Gold, Prayer, Service, and Life. Come down the center aisle. Take their places on both sides of Reader.*)

GOLD—

"Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store."

PRAYER—

"Take my lips and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Take my heart—it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne."

SERVICE—

"Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou dost
choose."

LIFE—

"Take my will, and make it Thine
It shall be no longer mine.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

READER—While humbly we bow at the feet of the Master, Go forth Spirits of Stewardship. Gather from grateful hearts and rededicated lives their Thank Offerings, and from men, women, and children who have heard the cries of a needy world receive the love gifts.

Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

MUSIC—(*Organ and quartet*) *What Shall I Render?*

(*Girls leave the platform, lift the offering.*)

BENEDICTION

SENIOR LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

\$25.00 Each

From July 1, 1944 to August 1, 1944

28. Mrs. Hugh Tomb, Sr., Elwood City, Pa. By a friend.
29. Mrs. Matilda Houtby, Fowler, Calif. By her daughters, Mrs. Ada J. Runciman and Mrs. Mable S. Hudson.
30. Myrna Louthian, Toledo, Ohio. By friends.
31. Mrs. C. H. Harrison, Toledo, Ohio. By friends.
32. Mrs. Leo Williams, Tingley, Iowa. By the Women's Missionary Society.

Young Women's Department including Girls' Circles

MISS IDA B. LITTLE, Young Women's Secretary
1503 Dormont Ave., So. Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AIMS—A. A Circle or a Y. W. Society or both in every congregation.
B. Support of Work of W.G.M.S. materially and spiritually.
C. Payment in full of Y.W. Special Fund.

ASKING of Societies—Average of one dollar per member for those 20 years and over.
Average of fifty cents for members under twenty years.

APPROXIMATE REQUIREMENTS—\$9,000.

Consider—"You cannot spell success without the alphabet of faithful endeavor."

YOUNG WOMEN'S SPECIAL WORK

Permanent object—Support of G. B. S., Pasrur, India.

Annually decided object—Salaries of Miss Helen Andrews, Matron of Girls' Dormitory, Frenchburg, Ky.; Mrs. Eva J. Adams, R.N., Superintendent of Jubilee Hospital, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Beth Johnstone, Tacoma, Wash.; Miss Mary Cole, Khartum North, The Sudan.

NEW SOCIETIES

Steubenville Presbyterian—Calcutta May Rose Hart Young Women's Society—16 members.

Kansas Presbyterian—Manhattan Margaret Bell Mission Circle—9 members. Incidentally, this society expects to hold its program meeting at the Y.P.C.U. hour once a month. It plans a monthly business meeting during the month on a week evening, a covered dish dinner to precede the business session. The thought seems to be to give opportunity for a larger number to enjoy the study on missions by meeting Sabbath evening. By having just the meal and the business session on the week evening, the studies of the girls may not have interference.

Cleveland Presbyterian—North Hill Akron Margaret Anderson Society—15 members. The society is honoring Mrs. J. Lowrie Anderson, wife of the interim pastor, now on furlough from the Sudan, by naming the society for her.

May we ask all new societies to report organizations promptly so that due notice of them may appear on this page. News should be in our hands not later than the 25th of the month. News received by September 25, cannot appear until the November Magazine. Mail travels slowly these days, so start your letters early.

"WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

You are familiar with the story connected with this question,—another way of asking, "Who was at fault?" We are not planning to develop the topic as such, but rather to apply the thought to a matter in mind. Can missionary-mindedness be deterred from development or entirely destroyed among our youth? If so, on whom does the chief blame fall?

These are days of investigation. A virulent disease pounces on a neighborhood. Immediately laboratories begin experimentation. Or a dangerous social condition prevails, the cause of which is uncertain, but all are agreed that a solution should be found. If the matter be off-color or detrimental or just questionable, is it easy to find the one responsible for it? Every one accused has his alibi. "Who killed cock robin?"

There are some things in life that are more directly traceable than others. Since this is a missionary publication, we would ask the above question in relation to missionary interest. Who may most easily defeat this in the heart of a child or a susceptible youth? We are inclined to believe that the answer lies largely in the home. Missionary-interested parents find the young people in the home following their steps. The opposite also happens.

What is the relative emphasis as to the *need* of education in the church and in the schools, elementary through to college? Does the secular training claim all the available time? There is a definite plan for it. Is missionary education left to choice on the part of the would-be recipient? If nothing may interfere with secular education in our Christian homes, should not any training offered in the work of the church be welcomed as a part of the education of the child and young person?

Try to find a time suitable to hold a missionary meeting! Some insist that *no* school evening shall be used for such a meeting,—a meeting coming only *once a month*! Is it strange that youth is likely to think of such education as secondary? *Twenty days a month of six or more hours each* must be given to secular education, but *two hours a month* for a missionary meeting may be deemed more time than should be given to the work! If such a condition prevails, is it any wonder that it is sometimes hard to build up an organization in a congregation? If the proper missionary atmosphere for Christian youth is not fostered in the home and in the community and in the church itself, who is to blame for the lack of continued enthusiasm among the children and youth in the church and its missions? "Who killed cock robin?"

Some one is primarily responsible that so many "missionary illiterates" may be found in an average congregation. Many Christians are chargeable with neglect, of course, but the Word says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." That early Christian training is invaluable, will not be disputed. That the home is a very vital influence either for good or ill is generally acknowledged. May the young people in the home be given their chance to develop into future "standbys" in the local church and in its world-wide work.

May the time come when it will not be necessary for any one to ask the question, "Who killed cock robin?" for the youth will be trained for both the church and the work of the world.

ECHOES FROM THE 1944 CONVENTION

For a few years it has been the custom to present the Young Women's Hour at the convention through the voices of young women from the entertaining presbyterial. This year the scope was broadened and representatives from four presbyterials gave us some of their thoughts as well as some of the assembled facts of the year's report. We appreciate the willingness of these young women to share in this work. The four presbyterials participating were Monmouth, Philadelphia, Detroit and Oklahoma, in the order named:

"I bring greetings from the Young Women's Societies and Girls' Circles of Monmouth Presbyterial. Living in Monmouth under the shadow of Monmouth College, we are happy to visit for the first time another of our United Presbyterian colleges.

"There are 15 congregations in Monmouth Prebsytery. Ten societies reported, four Teen-Age and six Young Women's groups, a membership of 151. Of the ten societies reporting, nine paid to the seven departments and seven to Foreign salaries. All remembered the Young Women's Special, but only five gave at the rate of one dollar per member for young women or fifty cents for teen-age members. Of eight societies paying to the expense funds, only four paid the full amount. All gave a Thank Offering, amounting to \$471.58, an increase of \$116, thirty dollars more than last year. The contributions exclusive of the Thank Offering amounted to \$297.35, or a grand total of \$768.93.

"Other points of interest,—the average rating of efficiency, 50 per

cent; the highest rating, 80 per cent. Senior life members, four; Magazines—fifty in seven societies; Prayer groups, two.

"There is great need for more societies and more work among teenage young people. Contributions should be raised so that each society could give at least one dollar to each of the seven departments. We need more earnestness in thought and prayer so that there may be more contributions to home and foreign work. We definitely should have more prayer groups, especially during these times of turmoil and conflict when the spreading of the gospel is the greatest need of this old world."

Gwendolyn Keating,
Monmouth Presbyterial.

"I have been asked to say something of the highlights of our society which impressed me during the last year. I have in mind two which I think are worthwhile.

"First, I want to tell you about the review of a Mission Study book. Formerly when we had this review, many of us lost interest before the book was finished. We had used the method of continuing the study for a period of weeks. . . . Now when we have a book review, we have it Saturday afternoon and on into the evening. We have six teachers, three for the afternoon and three after the dinner, which is served in the church. We find that we get better results. We exchange ideas with the different teachers. Sometimes it almost develops into a debate.

"Second, the shower for the babies. Elizabeth McConnell, R.N., and Dr. Reba Hunsberger, both of our India Mission, are from our society, so we have a special interest in their work. We sent our contribution with Miss Porter, R.N., who recently returned to India. The baby clothes and talcum powder were gratefully received. Nurse McConnell wrote us saying

how delighted they were to get the articles and how much these things were needed. It was a real joy to do this for Jesus' sake."

Janet McInnes,
Philadelphia Presbyterial.

"I am happy to represent the Young Women of Detroit Presbyterial at such a great convention of the women of the church. We have twelve Young Women's groups in the Detroit area reporting 153 members. This includes one teen age group of 13 members.

"Our total contribution including the Thank Offering was \$1,351.56 and our efficiency rating was 62.8 per cent. One of the highlights of this past year was a Young Women's rally on Sabbath, March 12, Mrs. Duncan Henry, the speaker. Tea was served by the hostesses.

"The girls in my home society at Littlefield Blvd. are kept busy sending birthday and Christmas gifts to all our boys in the service. We send boxes to the boys in the States, and airmail letters to boys overseas.

"Until I attended this convention and caught a glimpse into the vastness of our Women's Work, I did not even vaguely understand just how important is the organization to which we belong! I am sure there are many others in our own society who feel that we are doing well enough now, but since I have talked to other delegates and have listened to the very informative reports, I am convinced that my society needs some convention atmosphere, and I hope and pray that I can take it to them."

Mrs. Murray Osborn,
Detroit Presbyterial.

"Last month one of our young women's societies in Oklahoma Presbyterial celebrated its tenth anniversary. This society but recently became a Y.W. society. I believe this indicates one of the most outstanding

highlights in our work here or that could be found in any presbyterial,—that is, the growth of a Girls' Circle to a Young Women's society; and in not many more years to become members of the W.M.S. What better training could these young people have had than to grow up under the supervision of the W.M.S.? Both of our societies (Y.W.) are attempting to instill in their members a better attitude towards mission work; to create a desire in members to help themselves and others; to teach them that we are to go into all the world and preach the gospel—and that means at home, too.

"The Thank Offering is stressed during the year and at the annual program members of the societies take an active part. We also stress the Standard of Efficiency, and the Tulsa society almost always has a perfect record. We contribute to the work of the seven departments and Young Women's Special and help various mission stations with boxes of clothing and donations.

"Our two Young Women's societies in Oklahoma are far from perfect.

In the first place, we should have more than two societies. It would seem that somewhere along the line some one has failed. Perhaps it is the fault of the two societies now functioning. If our accomplishments and blessings had been made more manifest in the presbyterial, we might have instilled in the minds of other congregations the need for missionary groups for young people in their midst. Where is the membership of the women's societies to come from in years hence if it is not from those who are young women now? There are numerous other needs, but that which any society or group in the church needs is a new, consecrated effort to take the gospel to all the world. When the present war and strife are ended, we will need more Christian workers than ever before. Prayer is going to open the hearts of the young people to hear this call to do the Lord's bidding.

"Our societies need prayer. Do yours?"

Monnie Etta Benson,
Oklahoma Presbyterial.

WORLD DAY OF PRAYER

The program for the World Day of Prayer, 1945, has been prepared by four members of the British World Day of Prayer Committee. This Committee says in regard to the program: "We British Christian women feel strongly that our Christian living needs overhauling—that something in the nature of spiritual education is essential if we are to take up the task ahead to which we are called as part of the World Church. We of the older churches have lost something of the freshness and zeal apparent in the earlier years of our history. The Younger Churches (in the Orient) which have been born of the last 150 years of world wide witness, in their keenness are ready for teaching and study in a rather different way. We would therefore . . . earnestly entreat our sisters in every land to take time for preparation prior to the World Day of Prayer in the study of First Peter. In the First Epistle the task of the church is seen to be worship; in the proclamation of the Word, in the suffering of the church, in its spirit of fraternal love, in the service which God enables Christians to offer to the Church and all the world for Him, all these are worship because offered to the Glory of God."

Girls' Circle Program

By MRS. JAMES R. LEE, Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.

A BRIDGE OF FAITH THE THANK OFFERING

Thank Offering time is a time of opportunity and great privilege. It is our chance to go beyond common practice and beyond duty in showing our gratitude to God for the countless blessings which He has bestowed upon us during all the days and hours of the year. We are offered an additional blessing through the privilege of sharing God's goodness with others and of knowing that our offerings will help others to know and identify His love.

God's kingdom on earth will not be a reality until all people everywhere have received the message of His love in Christ. In this world of turmoil and distress nothing is more greatly needed or would prove a greater blessing than that the spirit of Christ would be lived in all of the world, in all walks of life and in the hearts of all people.

Invitation:

A square piece of blue paper.

On one side print or write:

"For the Lord's-Work,
My

Weekly Thank Offering"

On the other side put the details of your announcement:

"Time Place, " Etc.

Roll Call:

Have each respond to the calling of the roll with a Bible verse containing the word "Faith."

Program:

Plan to stage a playlet describing our first Thank Offering. The

story can be obtained from our Literature Secretary under the title,— "The History of the Thank Offering". It will add much interest to the play if the cast dresses in old fashioned clothing.

Perhaps some of the newer members will have some questions to ask. Information may be obtained from back numbers of the Missionary Magazine and from the Literature Department's booklet, "Ten Questions and Answers Regarding the Thank Offering".

"Thanksgiving"

"It is fine to say we're thankful

For all that we possess,

It is fine to put it plainly

In words and not suppress

One single item in the total score;

But if our thanks be true—

We'll prove it, not so much in words

As by the deeds we do.

"The act speaks louder than the word,

And though our words be good—

The little deeds in kindness done

Are better understood;

Thanksgiving may be given voice

In tones which loudly ring;

But to show best true thankfulness—

Thanksgiving—is the thing."

William Ludlum,

quoted in "Prayer Poems" by
O. V. & Helen Armstrong.

The meeting may be closed with each holding up her Thank Offering box and saying with the rest, "In our little box a sacrifice is needed."

Home Missions Department

MRS. WM. S. COOK, Secretary, 1201 Sixth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

THE "69"

By the Reverend Ralph Ayers

An air of mystery has been pervading the Frenchburg campus for several days. Invitations from some anonymous source had been received by members of the faculty requesting them to come to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cowden, Tuesday evening, May 2nd, for the first course of a progressive dinner in honor of the "69"! Now, who were the "69"? There were not 69 members of the faculty, nor were there that many years in the life of the Frenchburg School, nor was there any member of the faculty that ancient. There seemed nothing to do but to wait in breathless and anxious anticipation for the time to arrive to have the mystery solved. We knew somebody would have to know the secret in order to make preparations for the meal, but how ignorant everybody seemed to be about the whole affair! Miss Baird was especially anxious to be helpful by offering her services but there seemed nothing particularly

important for her to do.

The time finally arrived and we found all the faculty members and the pastor and wife present at the Cowden's apartment. After a short time of friendly fellowship, which is so characteristic of the Frenchburg group, we were invited by Mr. Cowden to partake of the first course of fruit juice and appetizers, served most daintily and artistically. The quiet, unassuming, and efficient planning of Mrs. Cowden could be detected in activities of the whole evening.

After the first course was finished Mr. Cowden asked Miss Mae Beveridge, Miss Irene Kester, Miss Martha Baird, and Mrs. Martin Hovermale to lead the procession to the Home Economics Room for the second course. The mystery then began to unravel. These were the ones who we knew were not returning to Frenchburg next year. "69" we discovered was the total number of years these ladies had served at Frenchburg.



Graduating Class, Frenchburg, Kentucky, High School

We found our places at the tables by finding our names written on the handles, shaped in the number "69", of nut and candy paper cups. Mr. and Mrs. Cowden sat at the table with the "69ers." A committee had been appointed to plan and prepare each course. Each Committee did its work perfectly. After the main course of pressed chicken, asparagus, chipped potatoes, hot rolls, butter and coffee we were invited to the Recreation Room of the Dormitory for what we supposed was the desert but found it was the salad course.

From there we were sent back to the Teacher's Home for ice cream with fresh strawberries, cake and coffee. This last course was served in the living room of the Home which is called, because of years of sacred associations, "The Upper Room". It is here that every Tuesday evening of the school year the faculty members meet for prayer. These prayer-meetings are not formal ones. Everyone present prays and the presence of the Master is manifest.

Miss Kester led the meeting this evening. After a few appropriate remarks and the reading of the fourteenth chapter of John we engaged in prayer. While there was an element of sadness because of the separation soon to be, there was the spirit of victory and thanksgiving for the usefulness of the consecrated lives of those who had spent so many years among us.

After the close of the prayermeeting Mr. Cowden, very impressively, in well chosen words expressed his sincere appreciation of the faithful and consecrated services of these fine Christian women. It was with a full heart and deepness of feeling that he so splendidly expressed the feeling of all of us in our reluctance to have them leave us.

As a token of appreciation of the School for the love and respect we

all have for them each one was given a very fitting gift. These gifts were received with gratitude not able to be expressed adequately in words.

It was a grand and blessed evening spent in fellowship which only Christians can understand. We sang together the first verse of "Blest Be the Tie That Binds" and bade each other "goodbye."

The 69 years of service of these, in whose honor the dinner was given, are made up of the following terms of service in the Frenchburg School and Hospital: Miss Mae Beveridge, 18 years; Miss Margaret Beveridge, 18 years; Miss Martha Baird, 14 years; Miss Irene Kester, 9 years; Mrs. Martin Hovermale, 10 years. We pray that God's richest blessing may rest upon each and every one of His faithful servants and that they all may be permitted to serve our Lord for many years to come.

FRENCHBURG COMMENCEMENT

The Thirty-first Annual Commencement of the Frenchburg School was held at the United Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, May 18th at 7:45 o'clock, with sixteen students having completed the prescribed course of study of the State of Kentucky and eligible to receive diplomas. This brings the total of boys and girls who have been graduated from our school to 304. Of those who have been graduated before this year we know of 100 who have become teachers, 43 have entered business, 14 are professional, 30 are farmers, and 134 have gone to college. Of those who are being graduated we know of four who will enter college, and perhaps others will go on to school who have not decided at this time. Four of our boys are of army age; one is entering government work.

Harry L. Cowden

**REPORTED TO THE REPORTER
FROM EZEL SCHOOL**

May Day

Although not a part of the Commencement program yet our May Day Exercises ushered in the Commencement season. After the beautiful coronation ceremony, the new Queen of May was seated upon a white throne on the stage of the auditorium, where, surrounded by her attendants, she reviewed an all-school musical program. From the Primary Rhythm Band to the Senior High School Chorus all the musical groups of the school had a part. A goodly number of friends visited us that day and enjoyed with us this musical treat under the direction of,

Miss McCullough, our music teacher.

The Graduating Class

Seventeen seniors received diplomas on the completion of their High School course in Ezel, Kentucky, May 17, 1944. Although not the largest class to graduate from Ezel School, this class has been one of our best as far as good citizenship is concerned. Only three boys remained in the class and Uncle Sam will be calling them soon after commencement.

Reverend Ralph Ayers, Pastor of the Ezel and Frenchburg churches, preached the Baccalaureate sermon and Reverend Chester T. R. Yeates made the Commencement address.

Wm. A. Heagen



Graduating Class, 1944, Ezel, Kentucky, High School

Indian Missions

MRS. ARTHUR B. McBRIDE, 847 Thorne St., Sewickley, Pa.

SEPTEMBER 1944 HUNTING OR CORN FESTIVAL MOON 1944 GREAT SUNS

TAMA NEWS NOTES

Miss Ruth Williamson is returning to Egypt. We are glad for Egypt, but we are going to miss her at Tama. For three years she has labored in our midst and endeared herself to many. She was to leave Tama soon after the May meeting of the Women's Missionary Society so it was planned to have a farewell for her at that meeting. The Junior Society, the Little Foxes, were invited also. With both societies and visitors there were about fifty present. A shower of bead work was presented to her as we all sang "Happy Voyage to You," an original version of Happy Birthday. Miss Ruth responded to this with words of appreciation for this expression of friendship and indicating her hope to be a connecting link in friendship between the Indian children and the children of Egypt, and the hope that Christ might be the common Friend for us all.

We are very much the richer at Tama for these three years of fellowship together in the service of the Master, and Tanta, Egypt, will mean more to us as Miss Ruth returns to her service there.

Elder Louis Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell are rejoicing in the arrival of a little daughter, Lois Frances, April 26. Recently in these notes we reported that Mr. Mitchell had been called to the army. His departure was delayed both because of a mistake on the part of the draft board in the number called at that time, and by the prospective arrival of the above mentioned. That was a very providential delay for soon after that came changes in the draft regulations and the prospect is that he will not need to go at all. We

are glad he will be able to do his part in essential work at home—essential, not only in the war effort through his work in the Iowa Wood Preserving Plant, but essential also in the home life and in the life of the Mesquakie congregation.

The Indian community was hard hit by the flood in the Iowa River valley late in May. Twenty-five Indian families had to leave their homes. Some went to stay with relatives on higher ground, some to a Government building in the Settlement, and one family stayed with us here at the parsonage. This was the family of Edward Davenport, one of the elders of our Mesquakie Congregation. The Davenports were able to go back to their home after a few days, but many families were not able to return to their homes for two weeks.

F. C. Patterson.

NEW MEMBERS AT WARM SPRINGS, OREGON

For the first time in many years, on Easter Sabbath the Indian boys and girls of the Government Boarding School were with us to observe the greatest day of the Christian church. Usually the annual Indian Root Feast or the rodeo is held on Easter.

Our numbers were not too many, although we had 67 out to Sabbath School and 60 out at the evening service. The happiest part of the evening service was when Mrs. Gregg, the wife of a white Government employee, came forward with her infant daughter and three older children. The infant received Christian baptism, and the older children were baptized and received into the membership of the church.

Not only were we happy for the dedication of these souls to the Lord and Master, but we were glad that our Indian boys and girls had opportunity to witness the step that is required of publicly professing their faith in the Lord. This, no doubt, was the first time that any of them had ever witnessed such an impressive service. We hope and we pray that there might be some of the Indians who will be willing to take their stand for the Lord.

E. W. Machamer

AN INDIAN HERO SPEAKS

This year for the first time the American Indians had a spokesman on the important *New York Herald-Tribune* Forum, at which the Nation's leaders gather yearly to discuss national and international affairs. Captain Joseph W. Cochran, Cherokee of Oklahoma, one of the army's top heroes in the South Pacific, told of the Indians' role in the war and described his own experiences and his desire for a better world. "Indians at Work" carries the speech he made and tells of his service of fifteen months, of his participation in over 30 missions, of his receiving the Silver Star, The Purple Heart, The Distinguished Flying Cross, and The Airman's Medal.

Captain Cochran said: "I think the Indian has a clear-cut conception of why we are in the war at the present time. We have democracy and freedom. We know the full meaning of these terms, and they are the most natural components of our personalities. It is a further commentary on Axis endeavor to promote discord and disunion among the different tribes in this country that most of the Indians now serving in the Na-

tion's armed forces are volunteers. They are serving on most of our battle fronts in substantial numbers in the Marines, in the Army, and in the Navy."

Captain Cochran mentions that the first American general to die in action in this war was General C. L. Tinker, U.S.A., an Osage Indian. He tells too: "The Signal Corps has found Indians very valuable in their work, especially in New Guinea, in some out-of-the-way places, where the Indian languages have been used over the systems of communication, and as you probably know you wouldn't need any decoding if you were talking to an Indian, because they have a style of talking of their own as well as their own languages and they don't need any code."

When I read these words of Captain Cochran I understood better something Wilson Spencer, a Warm Spring Indian, wrote in his last letter to The Carsons of Simnasho, Oregon. He wrote concerning his brother, Ernest who, too, is somewhere in the South Pacific: "I saw Ernest's ship not far from ours, but I couldn't get over to see him, so we talked to each other through signals. I don't know where he is now, but I know he is safe."

In answer to the question as to the part that the Indians should play in the future of our country and of the world after the war is over and after the peace has been made, Captain Cochran said: "I believe that we, as Indians, should not be considered apart from you, as Americans. We should be considered citizens because we want to be citizens and we want to act as one of you, not as a group of our own."

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Foreign Missions

MRS. J. D. SANDS, Secretary, 5542 Hampton St., Pittsburgh 6, Pa.

MISSIONARIES' BIRTHDAYS

OCTOBER

Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N.	Oct. 1
Miss Marian T. Petersen	Oct. 8
Miss Marie F. Tait	Oct. 13
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap	Oct. 13
Miss Ruth I. Ardrey	Oct. 18
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, R.N.	Oct. 18
Miss Olive Laing	Oct. 20
Miss Margaret E. Ballantyne	Oct. 29
Miss Esther W. Wilson	Oct. 31

EGYPT

The latest "Mission News Letter" which is circulated among our missionaries, on the field and in Egypt, has been received. It is full of items of interest concerning the work and workers of all our stations. It tells of preparations for closing of the schools for the year, of the graduates and their examinations and credits, of pageants and commencement programs and presentation of certificates.

All schools report a good year past, and prospects favorable for another year. All were looking forward to a time of rest and recreation after strenuous service. We noted with especial pleasure that the graduates from the Luxor Girls' School all over Egypt were contributing toward a gift to be presented to Miss Ida Whiteside at commencement in recognition of her thirty years' service in that school.

Hospitals had good reports of work carried on with depleted staffs. Five girls, graduated from Assiut Hospital, two of whom were from the Sudan, and they expect to return there for service. An earnest plea is made for American doctors to go out to help in that needy field. Egypt is now looking to America and American methods for leadership and training. Germany has lost her place as a world center for modern methods in diagnosis treatment. "Amer-

A SONG OF PRAISE

We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren neath the western skies,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doing heard on high.

John Ellerton

ican Lodge" at Assiut College has now taken care of one thousand two hundred fifty soldier boys. Capacity for entertaining these soldiers has been increased to thirty at one time, and still they are booked ahead. Letters are received from parents and friends from many countries, telling of appreciation of this service to their dear ones.

There was much to encourage workers in the villages in the Thank Offering meetings, which are often conducted by the native women, and in the increased gifts. There was a Bible Women's Conference in June. Miss Marion Paden took over the Bible Women's Training School in Tanta while Miss Laura Wright started out on her first venture on the "Delta Car" which for many years was the special vehicle of service of Miss Minnehaha Finney, who served so long in Egypt.

Miss Wright had a grand seven weeks, traveling through the district stopping in ten centers, visiting in 527 homes and giving the Gospel Message as clearly and as simply as she knew how to hundreds of listeners. Five Bible Women were at times helping and five pupils of the Bible Training School were at different times in some of the centers visited. There are no Bible Women in any of those centers and the people begged for some one to be sent to teach them. There was great heart hunger for knowledge of the way of

life and many pleas for something to read.

Miss Nellie Smith sailed from Port Said April 24th and reached America May 23rd, in time to rest a little before attending the W. G. M. S. Convention in New Concord, where she received her thirty-year service pin, which was due in 1941. Miss Elsie French also received her pin, which had been held for her since 1939, when she should have come home on furlough.

Dr. French is now ready to return to Egypt, where she is so much needed, as soon as arrangements can be made for her leaving this country. Two parties of missionaries are now on the way to Egypt and the Sudan, and they hope to reach their stations before September. Another party expects to leave for Egypt in the near future.

THE SUDAN

During vacation time our missionaries were in various places, seeking rest and respite from the intense heat, and getting ready for another year of strenuous labor. Almost all of our missionaries are over due for furlough, but will remain until relieved by those who are now on the way back to the Sudan. Misses Elsie Grove, Verna Pillow and Dr. and Mrs. Paul Smith were in the party which left America June 14th, and we hope are now nearing their destination. Miss Mary J. McKnight and Dr. Mary Smith have perhaps already reached Khartoum and been greeted with joy by their waiting friends. Miss Ray Huffman, of Nasir, is thrilled to know that two young women are to be with them to help in that needy field. Dr. Mary Smith is to be located in Nasir, as are her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Paul Smith. Miss Mary Ewing was last heard from in Egypt on her way to America for her first furlough. We pray that all our travelers on sea and land may be kept in safety.

ETHIOPIA

Emperor Haile Selassie gave an audience to Mr. Fred Russell, sending his own automobile for him, to talk over the proposed work of our Mission in his country. He was very interested in plans and ready to cooperate. He discussed schools and hospitals and made some suggestions for progressive work.

There are many difficulties in reopening our work after the ravages of war and confiscation of property by both Italians and natives. Much repair work must be done on all properties, as Miss Blair and Miss Beatty have found in Sayo, where they are now at work after their long journey. Mrs. Pollock has also found much to do to make our house in Gore livable. She has it all cleaned up now and is busy in her clinic and helping those in need. Mrs. Ruth Walker enjoyed her vacation for a time in her former place of service before the Italian occupation in Sayo and, after a difficult return journey, has reopened her school in the capital city.

INDIA

The Gordonian Golden Jubilee Souvenirs and the Golden Jubilee number of "The Gordonian" for January 1944 has been sent to us. Both these numbers are full of interesting historical incidents and delightful reminiscences, as well as present day happiness of greeting friends of past years of the students returned for celebration for fifty years of notable service of Gordon College of the United Presbyterian Mission in the Punjab. This college, named for Dr. Andrew Gordon, the pioneer missionary to India, has had a wonderful record of educational value and of presenting the Gospel Message to the youth of India. It means much to the future of India.

A large party of our missionaries left Bombay in late March and reached Boston about June first, after a quiet uneventful voyage. Among

them were three young women, Misses Helen Artman, Frances Brown and Laura MacLaughlin, on her first furlough. We were happy to have the two former ladies and Mrs. J. A. McArthur, before her marriage, Miss Laura Cleland, one of the W. G. M. S. missionaries, at the Annual Convention, where they were greeted with pleasure. Miss Brown spoke for India on Foreign Mission night, substituting for Miss Jean Black, who had been scheduled for that part, but was ill.

Another year of strenuous work has been closed and many of the missionaries have been enjoying a much needed rest in various places in the mountains where the cool breezes and refreshing rains give comfort after the intense heat of the plains. Miss Vida Graham writes from one of these mountain tops as she looks out over great snow-covered peaks in the distance, of the work of the past year and her plans for her school for another year. She and Miss Willa Ramsey have had charge of the John and Jane Denham Memorial Avalon Girls' High School for some years. This school was where Miss Lois Buchanan worked and taught and gave so effectually many years of her life. They had a very nice memorial service for Miss Buchanan on May 12th. Many were the words of love and appreciation, not only from the school but from people in the city. The second Master of the Municipal High School, whose daughter had been a pupil of Miss Buchan-

an, and a lawyer in the town spoke and voiced the appreciation of the parents for the service Miss Buchanan had rendered. A number from the churches in Gurdaspur and Darwall attended the service and three pastors spoke. One of them told of the great help she had been to him personally and to the work in his church. Miss Graham said a few words regarding the years she had the privilege of working with Miss Buchanan, and one of the older teachers spoke for the staff, and one of the girls for the school. This was a girl who finished this year and had been in the school since she was a small child. One of the servants also spoke. It was a beautiful service and the church was crowded with sorrowing friends. Personal letters have contained many messages of sorrow for the three devoted missionaries who have gone to their reward while waiting in America for return to India, and will be with them no more. Misses Kate Spencer, Kathryn Beattie and Lois Buchanan will be much missed there.

Miss Evva Hartig, R.N., left New York in early June and has been reported safe from an unknown port and should be in India before September. A number of others are prepared to answer the call to return to their work in India as soon as it comes. We pray that it may not be long until all our detained workers, and many new recruits, may be on their way to all our needy fields.

PRE-CONFERENCE

Prior to the annual Missionary Conference at New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, members of the Women's Board and of the Board of Foreign Missions, together with a large group of missionaries on furlough, missionaries just ready to sail (August 18), new appointees, retired missionaries and a few visitors, met for two days to talk over the status of the work abroad. Each field was taken up separately and its problems laid before this group. There were many things to cheer the heart but also many things to trouble. The note of urgency sounded in every discussion of the subject.

Editor

Temperance and Reform Department

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY WARREN, Secretary, 233 Ridge Ave., Pittsburgh 2, Pa.



Mrs. Charles Bradley Warren,
Secretary Temperance and Reform

By the time you read this, the "Whisky Holiday" will probably be a matter of history—a victory for the liquor industry's political pressure group. It is estimated that the one month would produce forty or fifty million gallons of beverage whisky, or one-fourth of a normal year's output. To produce that amount will require *a billion pounds of grains or a weight of food sufficient to feed 6,226,111 civilians for thirty days or 518,842 civilians for an entire year!* Can any one justify such waste of food, of man-hours, of shipping space, to say nothing of the physical and moral wreckage which will result from the consumption of this whisky?

The 1944 Presidential Campaign is under way. It is not in my province to discuss political issues or give expression to my own views through this page. It is my duty, however, to emphasize the importance of every citizen, and particularly of every

Christian woman, being properly registered and ready to vote on November 8. It is imperative that you know how to mark your ballot so that there is no question as to its validity, that you know how to split your ticket so that undesirable state and local candidates are not swept into office by "straight ticket" voters.

Those who profess to know such things tell us that 60 per cent of the votes cast in November will be cast by women. That places upon us the great privilege and grave responsibility of maintaining the political forms and ideals for which our men are fighting. We must not allow ourselves to become confused as to the real issues. We are choosing the chief executives, *not military leaders*. No man, no group, no party has a monopoly on wisdom, integrity, statesmanship, or on villainy.

To vote intelligently we must hear, read and study the mass of political information and misinformation provided by both parties, the analyses of able editors and commentators, the daily political news. *We must study the men—their character, performance, abilities, friends and backers,* and reach a conclusion based on logic, not emotion. Discussion—not argument—helps to clarify our own thinking as well as that of others. No matter how strongly we feel that we are right, Christian tolerance, and freedom of speech, demand that we respect the sincerity of those who differ from us, and grant them a courteous hearing.

The first Allegheny County service man to win the Congressional Medal of Honor in this war is Lt. Mitchell Paige, 26 years old non-smoking, non-drinking, non-swearing Marine, who rendered outstanding service to his country on Guadalcanal and New Britain.

Literature Department

MRS. A. J. RANDLES, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

THE HOME MISSION STUDY

According to the Program Calendar prepared for our Missionary Societies we take up the study of The Indian in American Life in November and so it is not too soon to begin to talk about available books and helps for all ages.

It is suggested that we consider the study under the theme, "Bridges of Understanding" subdivided into three topics for discussion: "Indian White Relations"; "Adjustments and Trends"; "The Indians Part in Tomorrow's World". Please note that we do not have leaflets or pamphlets with these particular captions; but in the book suggested for each age group one will find sufficient material for the construction of one's own Bridge of Understanding.

I suppose there never has been in one year such a collection of study books whose paper covers are so arresting. This is particularly true of the Home study books for the Indian manner of expression is so full of symbolic designs.

Take the book for Junior-Highs, for example, with its designs suggesting clouds, rain and sea that bring blessings to every race, its rainbow of hope, its crossed arrows indicating friendship, and its long trail travelled by every race where surely sometimes they must meet and, we hope, often walk along together. Inside the covers the text is written to guide these youths along this trail of genuine friendship. (50c)

Or take the Primary Junior book (50c) with its cover designed to illustrate the entire life of the Indian kiddie, yet after all portraying the life of every little boy and girl under our American sun. Every other page of this book carries a photograph of Indian life while the opposite page has the story written in

words the first-to-third grader may read for himself, and where, if you have any sense of rhythm at all, you will catch the swing of Hiawatha.

In "Peter of the Mesa" (60c) our juniors are growing up. We can see Peter and his younger sister, with the sheep which they tend, on the cover of the book, while high on the mesa we can see their home in the Hopi Indian type of apartment house. When their mother became ill and had to go to the "San" for a long time, Peter and his sister had to go to a mission boarding school. Here they learned what it really means to be a Christian. When the kind mission doctor cared for Peter's broken arm, he decided that some day *he* would be a doctor. He experienced the joy of working to pay his own way and as we come to the end of the story we feel sure that in time Peter will work his way up through school and finally become a good Christian Indian doctor.

There is something deeply pathetic in the title of the book for seniors and young people—"Indians Are People, Too". Why should anyone feel it necessary to remind us of that? Did not Malachi write, "Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us?" When will we learn to "look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature", but rather see him as a person with definite capabilities and skills which we do not have as his contribution to our national life and entitled to his rightful share in that life? One is reminded of the squirrel's reply to the mountain's taunt of superiority—"If I cannot carry a forest on my back, neither can you crack a nut". This book is 60c.

The Navaho blanket book, "This is the Indian", (25c) is a pictorial pamphlet of large format too attractive in cover and illustration to pass

by. Even junior leaders will find it helpful in teaching the junior through eyegate.

"Speaking of Indians" (60c) is a general reading book by Ella C. Deloris, member of a distinguished Yankton Sioux family. She is a charming personality and her manuscript reads as she talks. This book is not yet off the press.

"The Indian in American Life" (60c) by G. E. E. Lindquist and collaborators is a book for adults. In his Foreword Mark A. Dawber suggests that some may ask, Why, when our thoughts are led daily to girdle the globe, should we stop to consider the American Indian. He goes on to answer, quoting him exactly or in substance, "Unless we can hope to make possible to the American Indian the things we say we are fighting for in the world, for the world, then our fighting will be for the most part vain. If we cannot make possible to the American Indian the Four Freedoms that we believe are basic to the new world order, then they are impossible of achievement with any group anywhere. There are other racial and minority groups within our population also denied the full rights of democracy but the In-

dian being the First American may well have priority in our thinking." It is important that we study now the status—present and future—of the American Indian.

Note: The prices quoted above are for paper bound books. Only those quoted at 60c may be had in cloth also at \$1.00. *Discussion and Program Suggestions or Guides* for these different books may be had at 25c each.

We mention again the *Map—Indians of the U.S.A.*—a wall map in four colors showing the location and names of the Indian tribes in the U. S. Various phases of Indian history and culture are also presented. Size 34½ x 22½ inches. 25c each. Additional Helps:

Christianity and the Race Problem—A new pamphlet in which are combined the findings of science on race and the challenge to Christian idealism. 25c.

Along Indian Trails—Handbook compiled by the Secretary of Indian Work. 35c.

What About Peyote? 10c.

Let Us Look At the Indians, 1c. New.

The Indian In the U. S. A., 1c. New.

New Books

THE GREAT CENTURY

In Northern Africa and Asia

By Kenneth Scott Latourette

Harper and Brothers. Price \$4.00

This is Volume VI in the History of the Expansion of Christianity. Volume V covered the Americas (except the United States) and Australia and Africa. Volume VI covers North Africa and Asia.

Again we stand in wonder at the great scope of geography and history. The magnitude of the undertaking to get the story of the many organizations carrying on missionary work and the wide range of study and research to produce these monumental volumes.

Upon receiving Volume VI we turned immediately to Egypt and were disappoint-

ed to find but one long paragraph devoted to the work of the United Presbyterian Mission and the statistics of membership were taken from The American Mission in Egypt by Dr. Andrew Watson bringing them up to 1895! We hope in the next volume which is to be a summary and conclusion, the author will have data on the extensive work carried on by our church—not in just one section but from Alexandria to Aswan, the large hospitals, the chain of schools running from kindergartens up through High Schools, the Assiut College, the College for Girls in Cairo and the Evangelical Church with nearly 200 settled pastors—an independent church that is self-governing and self-supporting.

Incidentally we should like to refer teachers and leaders of classes in the interdenominational study "West of the Date Line to Volume V of this series which is a mine of information.

* This book not for sale in Literature Dept.

Tributes

Mrs. W. R. McMunn

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Oakdale, Pennsylvania desires to pay a tribute of love and esteem to the memory of Mrs. W. R. McMunn, who was called to her eternal home April 28, 1944.

Mrs. McMunn was a faithful member of our society for thirty years and served as president for twenty-five years, the first ten years in our midst as "Mistress of the Manse".

Serving as a member of the Women's Board of Directors of the Women's General Missionary Society, and as Junior Secretary for a number of years, was work especially dear to her heart. She carried on this work through many years of suffering and pain.

The years of Mrs. McMunn's life were lived in devotion to her home, her church and her Saviour. Her wonderful fortitude and patient endurance during her long illness evidenced her deep Christian character.

We extend our deepest sympathy to her loved ones and commend them to the Master whom she loved and served.

Committee.

Mrs. J. A. Mahaffey

The Women's Missionary Society of the Allenside United Presbyterian Church of Akron, Ohio, wishes to pay tribute to the loving memory of Mrs. J. A. Mahaffey, who passed away March 7, 1944.

We appreciate the years of friendship we have enjoyed with her. Our lives have been enriched and made fuller by having known her.

Mrs. Mahaffey's devotion to Christian ideals and to her desire to further the Kingdom of God on earth has made her a person who lived "in a house by the side of the road and was a friend to man." To her it could be said: "Good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We extend our sympathy to Reverend Mahaffey and daughters.

Mrs. Laurena Smith,
Mrs. Leta Morrison,
Mrs. Irene Sullivan.

Mrs. Mary E. Wilson

The Women's Missionary Society of the Swanwick United Presbyterian Church, Swanwick, Illinois, wishes to pay tribute to the memory of Mrs. Mary Ellen Wilson who passed away at her home in Coulterville, Illinois, December 27, 1943.

Mrs. Wilson was a life-long member of the Missionary Society and a faithful member of our congregation, a teacher in the

Sabbath School for many years. As long as health permitted she was unfailing in her attendance at both the church services and the Missionary Society meeting.

We extend our sympathy to her children and to the faithful friends Mrs. Lizzie Mulholland and Della Rickenberg who so lovingly cared for her in her illness.

Mrs. Mary Vancil,
Mrs. Margaret Cunningham,
Mrs. Gertrude Cuningham.

Mrs. Florence Achsah King

The Women's Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of Wooster, Ohio, wishes to offer a tribute of love to the memory of Mrs. Florence Achsah King, who was called to her heavenly home November 10, 1943.

Mrs. King's life centered in the church. She was quiet and unassuming in her manner, always willing to take her part. She served the society as treasurer for twenty-five years.

An ardent lover of flowers, her garden became known as the "Missionary Garden" from which many beautiful lilies and other flowers were distributed to the sick and shut-ins.

Mrs. King was a loyal supporter of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

May the memory of her life quicken us to more faithful service.

"Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord: their works do follow them."

Committee.

Mrs. Louis J. Moss

In the death of Louise J. Moss the Women's Missionary Society of First Church, Dayton, Ohio, has suffered a great and deep loss.

She was an earnest, faithful Christian woman always cheerful and friendly and ready to give generously of her time and talents to the Lord's work.

May her beautiful, quiet Christian life, her thoughtful consideration of others be an incentive to us all for a more faithful devotion to the Master whom she so devotedly served.

We think of her association with us, of her regular attendance at all services, the spiritual aid given us and of all the good she was permitted to accomplish and it is an inspiration to us all.

We extend to her husband and daughter our sincere sympathy and commend them to the loving care of our Good Shepherd, Christ Jesus.

Mrs. Harry E. Evans,
Mrs. A. F. Gabler.

PRESENT ADDRESS OF MISSIONARIES SUPPORTED BY THE WOMEN'S GENERAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND DATE OF APPOINTMENT

(c-o American Mission should be added to each foreign address)

INDIA

Miss Ruth I. Ardrey, 1921	Sialkot City
Miss Margaret Ballantyne, 1941	Sheikhupura
Miss Minnie E. Beatty, 1912	Abbottabad
Miss Lois Boyd, 1918	Sangla Hill
Miss N. Addaline Brandon, 1931	Sargodha
Miss Theresa I. Brownlee, 1922	Sialkot City
Miss Evelyn Cathcart, 1925	Rawalpind
Miss Marjorie Faught, R.N., 1938	Taxila
Miss Betsy Fleming, 1913	Sargodha
Miss Vida J. Graham, 1922	Pathankot
Miss Eva M. Hewitt, 1930	Campbellpur
Miss Alice G. Hill, 1938	Sheikhupura
Miss Janette Howland, 1921	Campbellpur
Miss Mary Kyle, 1904	Pasurur
Miss Glendine Lundquist, R.N., 1932	Sialkot
Miss Elizabeth F. McConnell, R.N., 1931	Jhelum
Miss Evelyn M. McKelvey, R.N., 1938	Sialkot City
Miss Margaret Murdoch, 1924	Sargodha
Miss Ruth M. Nichol, 1938	Pasurur
Miss Marian T. Peterson, 1930	Rawalpindi
Miss Willa M. Ramsey, 1921	Pathankot
Miss Laura Reynolds, 1924	Sangla Hill
Miss Helen V. Weeds, 1928	Zafarwal
Miss Evva P. Hartig, R.N., 1924	Jhelum

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY (from INDIA)

Miss Helen Artman, 1920	R. D. 2, Pulaski, Pa.
Miss Hazel Bennett, 1908	268 Park St., Socorro, New Mexico
Miss R. Jean Black, 1921	Petrolia, Pa.
Miss Frances E. Brown, 1927, 1937	810 Glenview St., Philadelphia 11, Pa.
Miss Margaret J. Fehlman, 1913	616 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Reba C. Hunsberger, M.D.	5914 N. Pulaski, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Olive R. Laing	46 N. Duane Ave., Pittsburgh 5, Pa.
Miss Sarah Jane Lamont, 1928	440 W. Cayuga St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Miss Mary Frances Lincoln, R.N., 1920	1502 Penna. Ave, Wichita, Kans.
Miss Laura R. MacLachlan, 1938	R. R. 1, Atkinson, Nebraska
Miss Louise Scott, 1916	102 New Castle St., New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss E. Marjorie McCrory, 1936	McCrory Farms, R. D. 1, Homer City, Pa.
Miss Vivian Trimble, 1921	Blanchard, Iowa
Miss Ruth A. Warnock, 1913, 1936	915 East 8th St., Wellington, Kans.
Miss Georga Wengert, 1920	Lebo, Kansas
Miss Helen C. Sharp, M.D., 1944	411 N. Yale, Villa Park, Ill.

RETIRED (from INDIA)

Miss Emma Dean Anderson, 1881	231 Franklin St., Slippery Rock, Pa.
Miss Laurella G. Dickson, 1897	Tarkio, Mo.
Miss Ella M. Gordon, 1893	Pattersonville, N. Y.
Miss Kate A. Hill, 1896	Eldora, Iowa
Miss Flora Jameson, 1903	32 Bonvue St., Pittsburgh 14, Pa.
Miss Mary E. Logan, 1891	325 W. 7th St., Rushville, Ind.
Miss Lillian A. McConnell, 1902	205 E. Broadway, Girard, Ohio
Miss Rose McCullough, 1879	Penn & Trenton Aves., Pittsburgh 21, Pa.

HONORABLY RETIRED MISSIONARY

Miss Mary J. Campbell, 1884	612 Bruce St., Santa Ana, Calif.
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RETIRED (from EGYPT)

Miss Rena L. Hogg, 1899	c/o American Mission, Assiut, Egypt
Miss Ella M. Barnes, 1911	926 East 1st St., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Minnehaha Finney, 1894	121 North 7th St., Sterling, Kans.
Miss E. Roxy Martin, 1901	Fair Meadows, Limekiln Park, R.D., Chalfont, Pa.
Miss Laura B. Walker, 1904	1109 McClure Ave., Munhall, Pa.

EGYPT—c/o American Mission

Miss Margaret A. Bell, 1901	Fayoum
Miss Helen R. Brownlee, R.N., 1934	Assiut
Miss Leota Cabeen, 1909	Alexandria
Mrs. Mary K. Coventry	Beni Suef
Mrs. Ada A. Dunlap, 1926	Fayoum
Miss Anna B. Criswell, 1905	Assiut
Miss Lucia Dwight, 1919	Beni Suef
Mrs. William Fennell, 1937	Cairo
Miss Davida Finney, Litt.D., 1915	Cairo
Miss Elsie M. French, 1909	Cairo
Miss Eulalia D. Grether, 1929	Tanta
Miss Alice Grimes, 1924	Cairo
Mrs. G. G. Gutteridge, 1939	Cairo
Mrs. A. F. Huish, 1939	Cairo
Miss Lois D. Kingan, 1926	Cairo
Miss Lucy Lightowler, 1921	Cairo
Miss Dora B. Mason, 1918	Assiut
Miss Jeannette McCrory, 1916	Beni Suef
Miss Carol E. McMillan	Beni Suef
Mrs. John McMillan, 1937	Beni Suef
Miss Elizabeth McKibben, R.N., 1924	Tanta
Miss Sarah B. Meloy, 1923	Cairo
Miss Helen J. Noordewier, 1921	Tanta
Miss Marion A. Paden, 1902	Tanta
Miss Venna R. Patterson, 1924	Cairo
Miss Frances Patton, 1922	Mansura
Miss Stella Robertson, 1922	Cairo
Miss Martha A. Roy, 1938	Luxor
Mrs. Rachel T. Seiver, 1925	Assiut
Miss Jane C. Smith, R.N., 1922	Cairo
Miss Mary C. Thompson, 1939	Tanta
Miss Mary L. Thompson, LL.D., 1917	Assiut
Miss Helen M. Walker, 1930	Assiut
Miss Ethel L. Weed, 1919	Alexandria
Miss Ida B. Whiteside, 1913	Luxor
Miss Ruth M. Williamson, 1924	Tanta
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, 1932	Fayoum
Miss Esther W. Wilson, 1919	Luxor
Miss Margaret A. Work, 1924	Cairo
Miss Ruth A. Work, 1904	Assiut
Miss Laura B. Wright, 1921	Tanta

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY (from EGYPT)

Miss Mary Frances Dawson, 1922	808 E. Third St., Ellensburg, Wash.
Miss Alta G. French, 1925	Goldfield, Iowa
Miss Martha C. Glass, 1921	800 E. Second Ave., Monmouth, Ill.
Miss Alfaretta M. Hammond, 1904	State Hospital, Warren, Pa.
Miss Helen J. Martin, Ped.D., 1915	904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
Miss Evelyn McFarland, 1919	New Wilmington, Pa.
Miss Edna B. Sherrieff, 1920	R. D., Norwalk, Iowa
Miss Nellie C. Smith, 1911	116 Church St., Ramsey, N. J.
Miss Marie Tait, 1925	R. D. 5, Mercer, Pa.

THE SUDAN—c/o American Mission

Miss Mary E. Coie, 1919	Omdurman
Miss Una Coie, 1918	Khartoum North
Miss Elsie E. Grove, 1912	Doleib Hill
Miss Ray Huffman, R.N., 1924	Nadi
Miss Marguerite McClellan, 1926	Khartoum North
Miss Mary Jane McKnight, 1922	Wad Medani
Miss Aulora . McIntyre, 1911	Wad Medani
Mrs. Alan Theobald, 1938	Khartoum North
Miss E. Verna Pillow, 1930	Khartoum North
Miss Mary K. Smith, M.D., 1944	Nadi
Miss C. Blanche Soule, R.N., 1921	Nadi
Miss Frances Turk, R.N., 1921	Khartoum North

NOW IN THIS COUNTRY (from THE SUDAN)

Miss Mary V. Ewing, R.N.	904 Publication Bldg., Pittsburgh, 22, Pa.
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ETHIOPIA—c/o American Mission

Miss Ruth C. Beatty, R.N., 1921	Say
Miss Isabel Blair, 1922	Say
Mrs. A. W. Pollock, R.N., 1942	Go
Mrs. Ruth Lobaugh Walker, 1923	Addis Ababa

Fabric Of Prayer

*Each prayer is like a fabric that is wove
With threads that reach from end to end,
And other threads that interlace across
To closely bind and hold secure.*

*Throughout the fabric of each prayer we weave
God wants strong threads of hope that stretch
From hearts bowed down by fear or crushed by sin,
And reach to Him who answers prayer.*

*Across the fabric of our every prayer
God wants firm threads of faith that bind
And intertwine with all the threads of hope
To make a texture firm and strong. •*

*And over all the fabric of each prayer
God wants a pattern traced in gold,
A picture of our love for Him above
And for His needy here below.*

*So may we ever weave a lovely prayer
Whose warp and woof are hope and faith,
And may we trace thereon in threads of gold
Our deepest love for Him and His.*

*(Mrs. C. W.) Elsie Webling Fulton,
Secretary of Prayer Groups.*

Navajo Rug

HARRIET R. BEAN

Each time I tread upon this rug of mine
I think of one who wove its bright design
Within the shadows of her hogan home,
Or, in the summer, underneath the dome
Of clear blue, sheltered by the pinion tree—
Weaving her threads in tireless constancy.

The wool, sheared from her own small flock of sheep
(Which, early, little daughter learned to keep)
With patient care she carded, spun, and dyed,
Then wove upon her loom. How eager-eyed
That dusky face must then have shone, to view
This rich design of beauty as it grew
Beneath her skillful hands, the finished whole
Pictured within her mind, her artist's soul!

Who made this brilliant rug? Could it have been
That woman whom I met, with modest mein
But with a dignity a queen might boast,
Driving her wagon to the trading post,
Her baby on her lap? This vivid red,
Pattern of diamonds in scarlet thread,
Matches the basque of velveteen she wore,
Bright silver-buttoned. Her bare head bore
A wealth of sunlit shining hair, as black
As this rug's border, neatly looped in back
And bound in place. This central square of white
Is no more dazzling than the fleeting sight
Of her white teeth in that quick smile of joy
When I admired her sturdy baby boy.

These colors at my feet are speaking yet,
But now of tragedy, lest one forget:
Black for the years the white man fought the red,
Robbed him of life, his broad lands forfeited;
Black for deceit and greed, and red for blood
That watered harassed plains in bitter flood.
But gleaming through the dark there shines pure white—
That message, bright with hope, which brought the light
Of Christian love to those distressed, bowed low
In ignorance, and fear of death, and woe.

So, when I walk upon this lovely thing,
It is with humbleness . . . remembering.

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